The Outlook

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1905

Breaking Up a Monopoly

Interesting light is thrown upon the subject of Government ownership of public utilities by the course of events at Panama. There has been for years a railway across the Isthmus paralleling the proposed canal. This railway, with a line of steamships from New York to Colon, had a monopoly of the trans-Isthmian commerce on the Atlantic side, and, by contract with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, gave a monopoly to that corporation of all traffic between Panama and the ports of the United States on the Pacific coast. As a result of this monopoly the Panama route was practically closed to all Atlantic ports except New York, and we believe to all Pacific ports except San Francisco. Hawaiian sugar, which naturally would have crossed the Isthmus, was shipped to San Francisco, transported many hundreds of miles to Galveston, and thence reshipped by steamer to New York. The purchase of the Panama Railroad and of the steamships from Colon to New York by the United States Government has put an end to the monopoly on the Atlantic side, and the Government has given notice, as it had a right to do, annulling the contract with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company on the Pacific side. The Government ownership of the Panama Canal has thus put an end to the monopoly which formerly existed, and has opened the Panama Railroad to all the ports of the United States on equal terms. It is true that our shipping laws provide that "no merchandise shall be imported, under penalty of forfeiture thereof, from one port of the United States to another port of the United States in a vessel belonging wholly or in part to a subject of any foreign power." If Panama and Colon were ports of the United States, this would prevent any carriage of goods from American ports on either the Atlantic or the Pacific coast to Panama except in American vessels; Colon and Panama are not American ports and therefore this provision of our shipping laws does not apply. These facts are brought out by a report of peculiar interest submitted last week by Mr. Joseph L. Bristow, late Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, and now Special Panama Railway Commissioner. He urges that the Government endeavor to induce some American company to establish steamship service between our Gulf ports, our South Atlantic ports, and the Pacific ports other than San Francisco, with the Isthmian Railway, and, if such endeavor is unsuccessful, he recommends that the Government establish such steamship lines. Strongly as The Outlook is in favor of a policy looking toward municipal ownership of public utilities in the city, and strongly as it is in favor of the Government's construction of the Panama Canal, and, incidentally thereto, its ownership and operation of the Panama Railroad, we are quite sure that the United States ought not to undertake the establishment of steamship lines under Government administration between the Isthmus and American ports without a very thorough consideration of the result toward which so wide a departure from our past American policy would inevitably lead. The American ownership of the Panama Canal has destroyed the old monopoly. Let us make it clear that the monopoly has been destroyed, that the Panama Railroad is now open to all nations on equal terms, as the Panama Canal is to be open to all nations when it has been constructed, and that we regard traffic between American ports and the Isthmus as international commerce, also open to all the world. That done, we may wisely wait a little to see whether private enterprise will not take advantage of its opportunity and establish the needed steamship lines.

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Dishonesty in the Agricultural Department

Mr. Holmes, the Assistant Statistician of the Agricultural Department, has been dismissed on charges of having given advance reports about the cotton statistics to speculators whose profits he shared. So far as appears in the statements made by Secretary Wilson, no one else is known to have been actively engaged in the falsifying of cotton reports and the giving out surreptitiously of information. But the Administration has entered upon a thorough investigation, and proposes, as in the post-office scandals, to probe the matter to the bottom and deal rigorously with all involved criminally or through negligence. The dependence placed upon these statistical reports by a large section of the commercial world is such that enormous speculative transactions are possible on the slightest "leakage." It is asserted that Holmes, the Assistant Statistician, has grown rich out of the betrayal of the confidence placed in him, and that his conduct, whatever may be the law as to the case, is flagrantly iniquitous. His prompt dismissal is probably only a first step in bringing him to justice. The question has also been raised whether the Chief Statistician, Mr. Hyde, in view of the immense importance of the final summary and tabulation done by Holmes, is not morally and officially responsible for his acts. In support of this view some cotton brokers point out that there have been strange contradictions in reports published at different times, and rumors of misuse of Government information for speculative purposes. It seems hardly credible that Holmes can have acted without accomplices, and if they can be discovered, either within or without the Department, a charge of criminal conspiracy could be sustained. It was at first reported that the United States District Attorney had given an opinion that action would not lie against Holmes, but fuller evidence has been laid before him and it seems probable that law enough can be found to deal with this breach of trust, which on the face of it could be actuated only by sordid personal greed. It is true, however, that all evil-doing is not always punishable, for evil-doers are ingenious in contriving new ways of outwitting the laws. If this should be so in the present case, Congress cannot be too earnest and prompt in passing a statute to deal severely with a Government employee who betrays trust for personal gain, whether he have accomplices or not. It need hardly be said that Secretary Wilson is blameless in this matter, except as he may have trusted too implicitly in the faultlessness of a now evidently imperfect system of secrecy.

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Chinese Immigration

The letter of the Chamber of Commerce of Portland, Oregon, to President Roosevelt in regard to Chinese exclusion is noteworthy as showing that it is a mistake to suppose that the public sentiment on the Pacific coast is unitedly in favor of rigorous treatment of would-be Chinese immigrants. The letter expresses the opinion that opposition to this class of immigration has diminished on the Pacific coast, and is now no stronger than in other sections of the country; that it is evident that the Chinese do not wish to become citizens or to influence our institutions; that not only do humanity and fair dealing require that a stop be put to the humiliating treatment of those who are now permitted by law to land, but that, in the opinion of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, a new treaty should be made admitting a limited number of Chinese laborers. The proportion suggested is that a number not more than one-tenth of one per cent. of the population of the United States of male Chinese laborers should be admitted yearly for ten years. The argument is that, with such a limited increase of labor, lands could be cleared, highways built, railroads constructed, and industrial conditions on the coast greatly improved without affecting injuriously the present satisfactory status of the American laborer, while liberal treatment of Chinese immigrants would help establish friendly commercial relations with China —a most important matter to the Pacific coast. Of course this letter comes from the employing rather than from the labor-

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ing class, and it may not express the feelings of the majority of Oregonians. It is of interest and value nevertheless, and may well aid in establishing better regulations than now exist. The President is absolutely right, however, in his intention to enforce the exclusion laws as they now stand, and in denying, as he did to Mr. Samuel Gompers and a labor delegation last week, that his recent order, already outlined in The Outlook, meant a letting down of the bars or the letting in of immigrants now excluded under the law. And it may be added, as The Outlook has urged before, that whatever extension of the rules of admission may be hereafter adopted, no laborer, whether Chinese or not, should be let in who is bound down by an agreement with a trading company, or is under a coolie contract or a "padrone" system, which makes him not a free agent.

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Mayor Dunne's Municipal Ownership Programme

As the entire country knows, Judge Dunne, early in April last, was elected Mayor of Chicago on the issue of immediate municipal ownership. Judge Dunne's election was a triumph, not over a corrupt franchise-granting crowd, such as has disgraced St. Louis and Philadelphia, but over a group of men, as honest as himself, who contended that immediate municipal ownership, whether desirable or not, was practically out of the question. The programme that had been outlined by Mayor Dunne's predecessor in office was a twenty-year franchise renewal grant to the existing street railway companies, with a reserved right of city purchase at any time after thirteen years. In case of such purchase the city was to pay only the value of the tangible property. Judge Dunne and his supporters condemned not only this plan, but any franchise grant whatever. In view of the campaign that preceded the election, Mayor Dunne's present municipal ownership plans, as outlined by him in a message to the Chicago City Council on July 5, look somewhat tame. The Mayor presented two plans, one of which he denominated the "City Plan" and the other the "Contract Plan." Under the "City Plan" the city would proceed to construct and operate a street-car system, paying therefor with Mueller certificates. While he presents this plan, the Mayor does not regard it with much favor himself, for he flatly recommends the adoption of what he calls the "Contract Plan." According to the Mayor's "Contract Plan," the Council would grant a twenty-year franchise to a group of five public-spirited citizens. These citizens would then be expected to organize a company and raise money by the sale of stock, the dividends on which should be limited to six per cent. The stock would be placed in trust, so that the management of the lines would be left absolutely in the hands of these trustees. The trustees would be expected to manage the property in the interest of the public, and use all earnings in excess of six per cent. dividends to accumulate a sinking fund with which to pay for the property, so that it might be turned over to the city. The franchise would contain a further stipulation that it might be terminated by city purchase at any time when the city could find the funds with which to reimburse the investors for the actual amount of their investment. Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, is supposed to have had considerable to do in helping Mayor Dunne to formulate this programme. While the plan has much in it to commend, it is not in accord with Mayor Dunne's pre-election promises of immediate municipal ownership. Since his message was sent to the Council Mayor Dunne has been very freely criticised in Chicago, not so much upon the merits of this particular plan, as because as a candidate for Mayor he promised the voters something which he was ready to drop as impracticable after a few weeks' experience in office. Brief negotiations with the existing companies for the sale of their properties to the city seemed to promise so little that they were quickly abandoned. Mayor Dunne's present idea is to build a new system in competition with the old systems, using therefor the streets on which franchises have already expired or will expire in the near future. The Mayor's legal advisers have told him that under Judge Grosscup's recent decision the mileage of streets on which

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franchises have expired or will expire in the next eighteen months amounts to about one hundred, or about twice that amount of trackage, figured on the single track basis. It is estimated that this amount of mileage will make a paying system to start with, and the expectation is gradually to extend the system as the franchises of the existing companies continue to expire.

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Attacking Corruption

The June Grand Jury in Milwaukee (the third which has given its attention to "graft" charges) returned twenty-four indictments against supervisors (county legislators, past and present), and has promised thirty more. The charges involve the distribution of $12,000 for the passage of the bill selling the Morgue site, worth $70,000, to the Street Railway Company for $40,000, the distribution of $1,200 for the awarding of the County Hospital roofing contract, and the giving of two $1,000 bribes for other hospital contracts. As a result of investigations by two former Grand Juries, one hundred and ten indictments were found, and a long list of officials, past and present, were found guilty or admitted their guilt. In Arkansas true bills have been found against several members of the State Legislature for accepting money for their votes on bills. In Allegheny a captain of police has just been convicted on his third trial for blackmailing unfortunate women and disorderly houses. Other cases involving similar charges are to be tried shortly. The June Grand Jury in San Francisco unearthed a hotbed of graft in the Board of Health, in connection with the inspection and condemnation of food supplies and the extortion of money from business men and office-holders. The collections were made under the guise of an organization known as the "Central Club." Many office-holders were compelled to pay as high as five per cent. of their salaries. The St. Paul "Pioneer Press" is authority for the statement that Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, has under consideration the investigation of the municipalities of the State as a result of the numerous charges filed with him. The complaints cover almost every phase of maladministration. The despatches report that Governor Warner, of Michigan, has approved the "anti-graft" bill, by the terms of which the private briber is declared to be equally guilty with the receiver. In Philadelphia the disclosures thus far made have been far-reaching in their extent and effect. Mayor Weaver has returned to McNichol and Durham the various gifts which they had presented to him from time to time. This was a courageous act, as it involved a confession of ignorance of the real meaning of the gifts or a change of heart and mind as to their propriety. In Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, eleven public officials charged with various forms of graft have pleaded guilty, and one was convicted. In Reading the County Comptroller recently filed a report in regard to the poorhouse investigation, in which he alleged that "the institution was honeycombed with graft," and recommended that criminal charges be preferred against certain officials.

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The Equitable's Affairs

A practically complete report of the testimony taken by Superintendent Hendricks in his investigation of the affairs of the Equitable Life Assurance Society was made public last week. An examination of the evidence shows that not only were the charges of extravagance, looseness of administration, and exploitation of the Society's resources for the benefit of individuals, made by Superintendent Hendricks in his report, well founded, but that the conditions were even worse than he stated. It is proposed that a special committee of the Legislature be appointed to undertake a searching investigation of the business methods followed by the insurance companies of the State, with a view to changes in the insurance law. Many prominent members of the Legislature are in favor of such a course, but Governor Higgins opposes it. As the Legislature is now in a special session, called by the Governor to consider the charges made against Judge Hooker, it cannot take up any new subject unless specifically called upon to do so by the Governor.

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If Governor Higgins, therefore, continues opposed to a legislative investigation, nothing can be done in this direction at this session. The Outlook believes that a thorough legislative inquiry should be made into the general question of the administration of insurance companies, to be followed by changes in the insurance law for safeguarding the interests of policy-holders. It agrees, however, with Governor Higgins that this is not the time for the appointment of such a committee. The next step in the unraveling of the insurance tangle should be taken before the courts. The testimony obtained by Superintendent Hendricks is now in the hands of the Attorney-General of the State and of the District Attorney of New York County. It is for the former to determine whether any civil suits can be brought to compel the restitution of money wrongfully obtained from the Equitable Society; and for the latter to determine whether there is sufficient evidence to warrant criminal action being brought against any of the Directors or other officers of the Society. A legislative investigation in a case which involves a United States Senator and other men prominent in the political life of the State would be in great danger of being tinged with political bias. When the judicial determination has been made of the responsibility for the mismanagement and exploitation of the Equitable Society, a legislative investigation could be made with more promise of satisfactory results. Meanwhile, the work of reorganizing the Equitable Society has been continued by the election, at the recommendation of the trustees of the stock owned by Mr. Ryan, of twelve new Directors to fill vacancies in the Board. Among the new Directors are Representative Littlefield, of Maine, President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, and Judge D. Cady Herrick, of New York. As in the case of the nine Directors elected two weeks ago, these new names will strengthen the Board and give added assurance to the policy-holders that their interests will be protected. Chairman Morton, in the pursuit of his policy of economy, has announced a graded reduction of from ten to twenty per cent. in the salaries of all officers and employees of the Society receiving $2,500 or over per year.

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The Peace Negotiations Last week two events occurred apparently making for an earlier conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan. The first was the placing by Japan of a loan for $150,000,000 of 4½ per cent. bonds in New York, London, and Berlin. These bonds are secured, principal and interest, by a charge upon the annual net revenues of the Japanese Government's tobacco monopoly. Though already subject to the charge of a prior loan of equal amount, the new loan was over-subscribed many times. This is an impressive exhibition of Japan's financial strength. Prior to this, Japanese loans during the present struggle amount to $450,000,000. They do not seem to have borne heavily upon the country. The general confidence thus displayed will greatly strengthen Japan's hands in whatever demands she may make on Russia in the peace negotiations. The second event of the week was the resignation of Nicolas Muraviev as ranking Russian Plenipotentiary on the Peace Commission, and the appointment in his place of Sergius Witte, President of the Russian Council of Ministers. Whether Mr. Muraviev really gave utterance to sentiments reflecting upon the Japanese nation, as intimated, or whether his associations at home were too closely with the reactionaries, it is certain that Liberals everywhere have felt him to be much more of a conservative than his associate on the Commission, Baron Rosen. The announcement of Mr. Muraviev's resignation was received after the illustrated forms of this issue of The Outlook had gone to press, so that he is included with the other Commissioners described in the article "Peace Plenipotentiaries."

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Sergius Witte The reported appointment of Sergius Witte, clothing him with plenary powers, comes as a pleasant surprise to peace-lovers the world over, and they will hope that the later rumors of a disagreement between the Czar

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and Mr. Witte will prove unfounded. For, together with Count Lamsdorf, Prince Khilkov, Baron Rosen, and others, he, before war broke out, opposed hostilities with Japan, or, indeed, with any other land. Together with his colleague, General Kuropatkin, then Minister of War, Sergius Witte, then Minister of Finance, knew how unprepared, both in a military and in a financial sense, Russia was to fight any one, even her own insurrectionists and mutineers. He realized that the policy pursued by Mr. Bezobrazov, President of the Yalu Timber Company, by Viceroy Alexiev and Minister Plehve of the Interior, would force Japan into a declaration of war. Though he promoted the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway, the aggression attendant upon the creation of a Russian Viceroyalty in the Far East met with Mr. Witte's frankly expressed disapproval, and ultimately caused his downfall two years ago as Minister of Finance, a position which he had reached step by step from that of a railway porter. In characteristically stubborn fashion, however, this Russian of Dutch descent continued to oppose Russian plans of conquest in Manchuria and Korea with the same openness as in 1898, when he declared himself against the proposal to seize Port Arthur, or as in 1900, when he presented a memorandum to the Czar showing that the Russian course was bound to lead eventually to war with Japan, or, three years later, when he even urged the temporary withdrawal of the Russian forces from Manchuria, writing to the Czar as follows:

> Instead of making an enemy of Japan, we should win her friendship. I strongly advise a friendly solution. We need to populate our Eastern provinces, and have vital interests to defend in the eventual war with the yellow race in order that the peasants of Russia may understand what they are fighting for.

A similar outspokenness characterized the new peace plenipotentiary at the time of the Kishinev massacres. He denounced the instigators and condonors of the outrage, and boldly declared himself in favor of more liberal treatment of the Jews. He has always been a sturdy opposer of the reactionaries. In 1901 he defeated for a time the Russification of the Finnish army. Later, when the Government proclaimed a state of siege at Kiev, Kharkov, and other university towns, and it was proposed to put St. Petersburg also under martial law, Sergius Witte converted the Council to his way of thinking and decided the Government to make concessions to the students and to set aside the harsh military regulations by which hundreds of students had been drafted into the army to serve as privates. During his many years' term of office Mr. Witte accomplished what no Russian Finance Minister had yet done—he unified and simplified his Government's finances, bringing order and credit out of apparently hopeless chaos. By the attention he paid to manufacturing and mining progress he not only built up Russia's industrial reputation, but also built up a new element in society, which until then had consisted principally of peasants and princes. Finally, Mr. Witte succeeded in abolishing all private liquor-shops in Russia, instituting instead a Governmental monopoly of vodka, or Russian whisky, and establishing Governmental stations for its sale. At the age of fifty-six Sergius Witte represents not only a keen intellect and an administrative genius, but also a ripe experience. Such a man deserves well of his kind. More than any other of his countrymen, he seems fitted to obtain fair and equitable terms for Russia in conferring with victorious Japan.

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Salvation Army Farm Colonies

Mr. Rider Haggard's report on the Salvation Army farm colonies in America, which has lately been issued by the British Government, is commanding much attention in the English newspapers. Before Mr. Haggard undertook the mission on which he has just reported he had become well known for the interest which he took in the depopulation of rural England and the congestion of the great cities, and as an advocate of State aid for the creation of a large class of small landowners. He is also a skilled agriculturist, and has a wide knowledge of the English colonies, especially Canada and South Africa. His recommenda-

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tions therefore carry weight, especially as they are characterized by caution and sound business sense. He reports very favorably on the work of the Salvation Army both in the United States and Canada, and suggests that it "or some other well-established social, charitable, or religious organization should be selected to carry out the work of selecting, distributing, and organizing the settlers on land colonies anywhere within the boundaries of the British Empire, and that these settlers should remain in charge of such an organization until all liabilities are paid." He explains his special recommendation of the Salvation Army because he has found it "even better known and more respected in the United States and the Dominion of Canada than it is in the British Isles." Mr. Haggard is not hopeful that the poverty or congestion of British cities can be cured by the scheme he recommends. Only carefully selected families ought to be sent, and these families, as he recognizes, would probably do well in England if they had the chance. But the opportunity of obtaining land or of becoming farmers on their own account is not forthcoming in England, and this opportunity is offered by the Canadian Government. As a result of his interviews with leading Canadians, Mr. Haggard obtained from Sir Wilfrid Laurier an offer of ten townships, or 240,000 acres of land, for the purpose of settlement, on condition that the Home Government would co-operate with Canada in effecting the settlement. Allowing 160 acres per family, the ten townships would accommodate about 1,500 families, or some 7,500 persons. Mr. Haggard computes the cost of transportation and settlement at $1,000 per family, or $1,500,000 in all. He insists that no settlement should be attempted unless capital is available to carry out the scheme on businesslike principles; that the colonists should be very carefully selected; that they should pay a fair price for the land, spread over a considerable number of years; and that, until the land became their freehold property, they should remain under skilled and sympathetic management—preferably that of the Salvation Army. The capital would have to be supplied by the Imperial Government, and would be administered by a permanent Imperial officer, and the colonists should be required to pay five per cent. interest and one per cent. sinking fund. Under careful management Mr. Haggard thinks that there should be little loss to the Government; but he insists that it is better to leave the scheme untouched than to undertake it relying on "a trust-in-Providence system of finance," which would be to court disaster and to throw the movement back for many years. Nor does he favor any dependence on "gifts or contributions of the rich, or any other form of charity, which is often fickle in its preference and uncertain in its action." The work, in Mr. Haggard's opinion, might also be extended to South Africa and to many parts of England.

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The Purchase of Mount Washington

The purchase a fortnight ago of 70,000 acres, comprising most of Mount Washington, for $475,000, is a matter of more than local interest. The purchaser states that the outlook for a National White Mountain Forest Reserve will not be affected, a statement also confirmed by the sponsors of the White Mountain Reserve Bill still before Congress. That body should not have adjourned without having passed, not only the bill creating a White Mountain Reserve, but also that creating an Appalachian Forest Reserve. The extent will not exceed, in the first reserve, ten thousand acres, or, in the second, four thousand acres. The cost is not to exceed, in the first case, $5,000,000; in the second, $10,000,000. The first forest is mostly of conifers; the second, mostly hardwood. But both regions are also markedly varied: in the first more than a hundred and eighty specimens of woody plants grow, and the number in the second is yet larger. Aside from the still inadequate popular comprehension of the necessity of preserving, increasing, and evening our timber supply, opposition to the bills has come because of a feeling, first, that the Federal Government proposes to do what the several States should do, and, second, that while

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the amounts involved are not excessive, they must not be expended at a time when appropriations have been scaled to a low figure. In answer to the first objection we would say that where certain States, as in the present instances, are unable to act, the Federal Government should act. It is true that the rich States of New York and Pennsylvania have purchased large areas within their boundaries. But State reservations are not easily acquired by populations composed mostly of farmers, few of whom are rich, nor is the incentive increased when the farmers realize that they are called upon to set aside and maintain a great domain covering their forested watersheds for the use principally of other States, whose prosperity is largely due to the streams stored and regulated by those watersheds. Why should New Hampshire, for example, burden herself with debt to benefit Massachusetts and Connecticut? Or why should the latter States be expected to purchase land outside their borders for the creation of a forest reserve, though such a reserve is a general necessity? Where the benefit is inter-State, the Federal Government, controlling inter-State commerce, can and should undertake works of this magnitude.

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The Forest Service

Furthermore, the Federal Government is the only power economically able to administer such reservations. This has become increasingly evident by reason of the efficient work done by the Bureau of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture under the direction of its Forester, Mr. Gifford Pinchot. Dating from July 1, 1905, the Bureau of Forestry becomes officially known as the Forest Service. The change was made by Congress last winter. It signalizes an important advance in the scope of that work. Formerly under the charge of the Land Office in the Department of the Interior, Congress wisely provided that the administration of the National Forest Reserves should pass officially to the Department of Agriculture after July, and should be known as the Forest Service. The aim of the Forest Service is to introduce practical forestry, not only on public but on private lands, and in the several States. To this end it makes scientific investigations, and it offers its advice and co-operation in the actual work of forestry application. Take the present instances. To the lover of nature the preservation of the glorious scenery of the White and Appalachian Mountains makes insistent appeal; to those not æsthetically minded the Forest Service offers valuable practical suggestions. For instance, the Southern objector to the bills before Congress should learn that the use of the available horse-power of the Appalachian region would save thirty million dollars in coal consumption annually. To enjoy this power it is necessary to have uniform water flow. The water flow is largely regulated by the forest cover. The New England objector may remember that in one instance a freshet on the Merrimac a few years ago cost one of the large manufacturing companies more than a hundred thousand dollars. Let him also remember that the forests of the White Mountains have a direct effect on the water-power of five of the New England States. In order to prevent possible irreparable damage to this forest cover, and to that of the Appalachians, of primary economic importance to New England and to the Southern States, their preservation by Federal action is required.

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Seeking the North Pole

It is in the American character to admire courage, persistency, and patriotism even when their practical results are not adequate. In the attempts of American explorers to reach that particular point in the Arctic regions farthest distant from the Equator, it is admitted that the successful accomplishment of this ambition would not now aid commerce, would not materially increase our knowledge of geography, and would yield probably but meager scientific data. But every one sympathizes with Commander Peary as he once more enthusiastically takes up his chosen task of trying to place the American flag further north than that of any other nation. Certainly no one could possibly deserve success more than

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does Commander Peary, who has spent a large part of his active life in planning feasible ways of attacking the problem, and has endured all that man can endure and live in his repeated efforts to carry those plans out. He now has for his seventh expedition a fine new ship, the Roosevelt, built for the express purpose and with all the special forms of construction which experience has shown valuable in fighting ice. He will take on board of the Roosevelt when he reaches high latitudes a company of Eskimos specially chosen and well known to him, and with them and his crew of about twenty will sail as far north as he can get along the shore of Grant Land. Here his ship will probably be frozen in about the middle of September, perhaps 450 or 500 miles from the Pole, and he will spend the greater part of the Arctic winter in preparing for his final dash north. His point of departure he expects to be somewhere about latitude 83°, and when the twilight of February makes traveling possible he will start thence with a very small company and move rapidly forward (ten miles a day is rapid traveling in that region), until the five hundred miles or so to the North Pole have been traversed or failure and return become inevitable. This plan is as simple as it can be made, and Mr. Peary builds his hopes of success on the strength of his ship and his knowledge of the Eskimos and of sledge work. Thus, he declares that he knows the very men among the Eskimos who will follow him as far as he will go, and he knows equally those who will quail in the face of disaster. The party will have from twenty to twenty-five sledges, drawn each by six or eight dogs; each sledge will carry about five hundred pounds, including the weight of the driver. Mr. Peary says that he will depend for food almost entirely upon pemmican, ship's biscuit, and tea, and that experience has shown these to be far the most effective articles of food and stimulus. It is said that no less than four thousand lives, two hundred ships, and $100,000,000 have been expended in the efforts to reach the North Pole. It is fair to admit that in the past at least valuable geographical and other scientific knowledge has been added in this way, directly or indirectly, to the world's store of information. This year there will be four expeditions in the Arctic regions. Two of them are of American origin, one French, and one Norwegian. Mr. Peary's expedition is the only one of these which starts from Greenland, and the general impression among students of Arctic exploration is that he has a better chance of success than his competitors. It will be remembered that the present record of "highest north" belongs to the Duke of Abruzzi's party, which in 1900, under Captain Cagni, planted the Italian flag at the latitude of 86° 33′—an advance of only a score or so of miles beyond Nansen's attainment.

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Professor Perry A notable free-trade pioneer passes away by the death of Arthur Latham Perry. He had reached the age of seventy-five. Born in Lyme, New Hampshire, he was graduated from Williams College in the class of 1852. Two years later he was elected Professor of History and Political Economy in that College, and held the position during four decades. In 1866 he published "The Elements of Political Economy." The book won instant and steadily widening recognition, and went through a score of editions. Later he published "An Introduction to Political Economy," which also went through many editions; "The Principles of Political Economy," and "Origins in Williamstown," the last named being a work of value to students of New England and especially of Massachusetts history. Professor Perry's ardent championship of free trade early made him a National figure, and in 1868–9 he carried on a series of public debates with Horace Greeley, an equally ardent protectionist. During the seventies and eighties Dr. Perry was a frequent contributor to the press, more particularly to the Springfield "Republican" and to the New York "Evening Post," on his favorite subject of tariff reform. In these contributions, as in the class-room and on the platform, he was always frank, clear, resolute, persistent. Such an advocate of free trade in the very heart of a "protected" district

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could not fail to arouse the irritation of Massachusetts and other manufacturers. But liberty of teaching was firmly upheld by the Williams trustees, despite the appeal of wealthy men, with gifts to the College in the event of the offending professor's displacement. The students comprehended Professor Perry's position, and, whether they agreed with or differed from their teacher's principles, his independence and courage appealed to their sense of justice. Few pedagogues have enjoyed greater personal popularity. This was due, first of all, to Dr. Perry's indestructible humanness and buoyancy—the man in him had never killed the boy. His work in life was not merely that of a teacher; it was also that of a friend to every student. Secondly, Dr. Perry had a peculiarly keen sense of humor; he enlivened his lectures with so many stories, anecdotes, and jokes as to elicit appeciativeness and not always too orderly applause. But the "Peri-Howl" was, after all, the outward sign of an inward grace. It merely expressed, in too tumultuous sound, it may be, a hearty admiration for Professor Perry's character and attainments. His students will ever hold him in loving memory.

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The Yacht Amazon

The Recreation Department of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York has been enlarged, through the generosity of friends, by the acquisition of a fine yacht, the Amazon, a ninety-ton schooner, one hundred and eight feet in length, with accommodation for a company of thirty or more. Each young landsman who secures a berth engages to do a day's service each week in the crew, whose nucleus is composed of a few seasoned seamen under an experienced sailing-master, from whom he will get lessons in navigation. Some cruises of one week and others of two are to be made during July and August. These cruises, together with the summer camp for the older members of the association at Oscawana, and that for the younger members of the Harlem Branch at Waccabuc, places some forty miles north of the city, provide for hundreds of young men inexpensive summer outings of the best kind, amid influences from which, in various instances, a higher life dates its beginning. The experiment of a naval branch of the Young Men's Christian Association is certainly novel and promising.

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Educational Progress of the Year

For some time past there have been signs, particularly in the larger cities of the country, that the progressive educational movement of the past decade was to be sharply challenged. During the year this challenge has been publicly made in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, and it is possible now to estimate its significance.

Education has moved so rapidly in the United States of late that one who has not followed closely the sequence of events is often without the information with which to judge accurately the meaning of a new tendency or trend of opinion. After the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, at which the meaning of the art and industrial element in education was first revealed to American teachers and school officers, there was an earnest searching in all parts of the country for means of enriching and broadening the programme of studies offered by the elementary school. The opinion was at that time widespread that the elementary schools gave too much drill and too little education, that their outlook upon life was restricted and narrow, that their educational material was scanty and insufficient. It was pointed out by critics who had earned the right to be heard that the child was not being really or broadly educated, but was simply being drilled in the use of a narrow range of intellectual tools. The elementary school of that day placed all its emphasis upon the so-called three R's, particularly upon arithmetic, which it treated as fundamental. According as a child had progressed in arithmetic he was classified in the school, and a purely formal subject of which he was to make little use in after life was the center about which

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his entire education turned. There was no training of his powers of expression and of creation, no training of his latent appreciation of nature and of art, and no use made of the industries of the country in the search for educational material that would train the child for the real life that he was some day to live. These criticisms and considerations took strong hold of educational public opinion, and as a result the elementary school programme was enriched by the addition of such subjects as music, drawing, manual training, nature study, physical training, and the like.

But only the merest fraction of the teachers then in service were able to give instruction in these new subjects, and therefore it was usual to employ special teachers in connection with them. These special teachers led to the new subjects of instruction being called special subjects, and from that they soon passed into the category of "fads and frills" in the speech of those who did not understand or appreciate them, or who resented the presence in the schools of special teachers, who, it was claimed, interfered with the "regular" work of the class-room. The stronger school men of the country, in particular the leading superintendents and heads of normal training-schools, ranged themselves on the side of the new, broader, and more practical education.

It was only a question of time when antagonism to the so-called "fads and frills" would take the form of criticism of those individuals who represented them in the public mind, and when personal antagonism to individual school officials would make use of the latent antipathy to the "fads and frills" to urge a return to the old order. This is precisely what has happened during the past year or two, and what, especially in New York and Chicago, has of late resulted in bitter attacks upon Superintendents Maxwell and Cooley and upon the entire administration of the school systems under their direction.

It was not remarkable, perhaps, that these reactionary opinions and expressions of opinion should meet with some sympathy on the part of the press and of the public. Elementary education was becoming increasingly costly, and the larger cities were finding it more difficult year by year to make adequate provision for all the children of school age. The idea was abroad that if the "fads and frills" could be eliminated the cost of the public school system would be diminished and its efficiency increased by going back to the old drill in the so-called fundamental subjects.

Undoubtedly public school education would have been less costly could this policy have been pursued; but it would at the same time have ceased to be education at all. The three R's are no more fundamental than some other subjects of instruction popularly known as "fads and frills." Essential as it is for a child to know the elementary facts concerning computation and to be able to read and write his mother tongue, these are not the whole of education by any means. He might be never so good a computer, never so good a reader, and write never so beautiful a hand, and yet have a soul and mind utterly closed to one-half of the life that surrounded him. He would be sentenced thereby to a partial existence and to a limited usefulness, and one whole set of the capacities and ideals that belong to him as a human being would be denied him.

Moreover, the experience of nearly two decades has shown that a programme of studies which includes the so-called "fads and frills" produces even better results in the so-called three R's than does a programme from which the "fads and frills" are excluded. The reason for this is plain. The new subjects of study, by their strong appeal to the pupil's interest and activities, arouse and stimulate his entire nature, and he does better and more successfully everything that he undertakes to do. It may be said with perfect assurance that the elementary schools never gave so effective a training in the three R's as they are giving to-day, when they are doing so much else besides. Any one who has observed closely the work of the school-children of to-day, and who is in position to compare it with the work of the school-children of twenty years ago, will have no hesitation in saying that the children of to-day read better, write better, and

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spell better than did the children of twenty years ago. Much that then cumbered the school programme has disappeared forever and its place has been taken by subjects of vital interest and importance.

The interesting and significant fact in regard to this matter is that whenever the discussion of this subject has been transferred from partisan newspapers and personal antagonists of individual school officers to the great forum of public opinion, the expression of that opinion has been overwhelmingly on the side of the new education. This is the conclusive proof that the homes from which the school-children of to-day are drawn and to which they return realize the great advantages of the new education over the old, and do not propose to have those advantages taken from their children without protest and a struggle. In the city of New York the recent expression of public opinion in favor of the new programme of studies was so overwhelming that the critics were wholly silenced. In Chicago the situation is complicated by other and unfortunate elements; but it is hard to believe that the parents of the school-children of that city will not also support Superintendent Cooley and the school administration of which he is the head when they realize clearly what the leaders of the reactionary movement propose.

It is from this point of view that one of the most important educational events of the past year is the challenging of the new education and the responses to that challenge which have been so promptly and so effectively made. It may be taken for granted now that the new education has come to stay, and that the so-called "fads and frills" are hereafter to be accepted as fundamental subjects of training side by side with the older three R's.

It is not, however, to be assumed that all problems of method and of adjustment have been solved. Much remains to be done whenever a new subject of study is introduced into the educational programme at any point. The older subjects have the advantage of what is known as pedagogic form. There has been much experience in organizing them for presentation to immature minds. The newer subjects must be submitted to a discipline of examination and experience that will not soon be ended, in order to give them the pedagogic form that they need.

A second subject in regard to which the past year has seen marked progress is that which relates to the economic status of the teacher. The important committee, with Colonel Carroll D. Wright at its head, representing the National Educational Association, appointed at the Boston meeting of that body in 1903, has completed its report. As soon as the vast mass of statistical material therein presented has been studied and digested, it will be possible to present to State and local authorities the exact economic conditions which surround the teaching profession to-day, and to urge with all the force that comes from specific evidence the measures needed for improvement. As partisan politics is more and more excluded from the public school system, the tenure of office of the teachers becomes stable, but the compensation remains most inadequate; with the added difficulty that there is apparently no reward provided for long and faithful service in any but a very few localities. It is this fact that makes the position of the teacher seem so hopeless. A moderate or even a meager wage might cheerfully be accepted at the outset of a career, if there were any reward or prize to which success in that career would surely lead. For the public school teacher there is no such reward or prize, and it is this fact that weighs upon the teaching profession as a burden almost too heavy for it to carry.

In their zeal for immediate results, some teachers have organized themselves into associations which are practically trade-unions, with a view to forcing action favorable to their claims. This is not the right way to go about the matter, nor is it at all likely to be a successful way. It is far better to rely upon such patient and methodical collection of the facts as Colonel Wright's committee has just made, and upon the clear and cogent presentation of these facts to the public

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and to those officials charged with executing the will of the public in regard to school administration and maintenance.

The Carnegie Foundation, to be formally organized in November next, is an educational event of the first importance. The fund of ten million dollars which Mr. Carnegie has placed in the hands of trustees in order to provide a fund the income of which may be applied "to provide retiring pensions, without respect to race, sex, creed, or color, for the teachers of universities, colleges, and technical schools in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and Newfoundland," and "to provide for the care and maintenance of the widows and families of the said teachers," is not unlikely to bring about a peaceful revolution in the conditions which surround teachers in universities, colleges, and technical schools. A few institutions have been able, out of their own funds, to establish a system of retiring pensions for teachers who have reached a certain age but who have served the particular institution for a specified minimum number of years; but, as a rule, the teachers in universities, colleges, and technical schools are in the same position as teachers in the elementary schools so far as provision for old age or accident is concerned. Wisely administered, as no doubt it will be, the Carnegie Foundation will strengthen higher education in innumerable ways, not only by caring for those whose active service is at an end by reason of age and infirmity, but also by the assurance it gives that the man who enters upon university teaching as a profession will not thereby be left to shift for himself if accident or old age comes upon him. This means that new inducements are offered to men of capacity to choose university teaching as their career, and in itself is an educational service of the first magnitude.

In some of the more important colleges action has been taken during the year, the results of which it is still too early to estimate, which may prove to have an important bearing upon the much-discussed questions connected with the length and character of the college curriculum. At Princeton University a new programme of studies has gone into effect which provides three parallel curriculums, each four years in length, leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Letters, and Bachelor of Science respectively. Next year this innovation will be followed by the establishment of what is in effect the tutorial system of the older English universities. Both experiments at Princeton will be watched with close interest and attention. The Faculty of Columbia University have during the year adopted a new programme of studies for the undergraduate students which is more radical in character than the action taken at Princeton. Columbia by its action definitely surrenders the time element as a main standard for judging the college course, and will hereafter decide upon the fitness of the student for graduation by the quality of his work. It will be not so much how long he studies in college as what he does in college that will determine his fitness for a degree. At the same time, the interdependence of the undergraduate and the professional school courses has been carried several steps forward. As is the case with the changes at Princeton, the Columbia departures will be closely watched and studied.

The inauguration on Jefferson's birthday of a President for the University of Virginia, and that President Dr. Alderman, is perhaps the most important event of the year in the field of higher education. American education has gained enormously because of a form of administration which is quite unknown in Europe, namely, that which confers great authority and prerogatives upon educational executives—college and university presidents, city superintendents of schools, and the like. These officials constitute in the United States a new profession of their own, and they have beyond question given impulse, energy, and definiteness to the whole American educational scheme. The University of Virginia has withheld the election of the President for many years, owing to the expressed preferences of Jefferson himself, but the time had come when it was a part of true conservatism to take advantage of a form of organization which

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had accomplished so much elsewhere. This has now been done, and the educational public looks forward with confidence to a new prestige and a new and National influence for the University of Virginia.

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The Mystery Play

In the beginning there was Light; a torch held aloft, that the form and shape of things might be seen, and their uses; and in the first brightness, filling the void, the slow, sublime stirring of the seeds of which worlds were to be the fruit; the silent ordering of stars in their places, and the unrolling of the curtain of night shutting out the splendor of the day and making a quiet space of darkness for the coming of the stars. So the stage was set for the drama of life, and for the man and woman who were to play it; sometimes turning all its rich humors into sparkling comedy, sometimes rendering all its myriad shades of feeling in a monotony of weariness and disillusion, sometimes driving all its tremendous forces tumultuously on to tragic ends. A little time of learning the mysteries of the stage; a little time of learning how to play one's part; a little time of action, great or small; a little time for memory; and then other actors, a new audience, and—silence!

Meantime the stage remains vast beyond the reach of thought, majestic or beautiful beyond the touch of art, itself part of the drama which in continuous acts is played by vanishing generations of actors to the slow, sad music of mortality. They come and go, the men and women who wear the masks of comedy or tragedy, whose breath sounds the music or discord of speech in manifold tones and moods; but the clouds that curtain the stage, and the hills that form its background, and the glitter of stars that light it, keep their ancient form, and the ancient silence remains inviolate.

Is it but a moving show of vanishing figures, this mystery play of life, or has it some strange, sweet meaning, full of pathos and beauty, spoken in a hundred languages from one deep heart? Every actor has his own speech, but there is something held in common which interprets every man's language to his fellow. There are myriad differences of expression, but there is one great experience through which all are passing and which each strives to understand and to put into words. Every man plays what pleases him, for they who think that their parts are set for them do not see how voice, gesture, and bearing conspire to commit them to the rôles they take. From out the vast range of parts each man elects his part and plays it well or ill as pleases him, and always with the haunting consciousness that the play is at bottom an eternal reality and that what he seems to be he is; that the players speak their lines and go off the stage and are, for the most part, speedily forgotten; but that somehow, somewhere, on another stage, the play goes on and each man takes the part which he has chosen and becomes at last that which he would be. The stage is never without the witness of this haunting consciousness of reality, this sense of something permanent behind the shifting scenes, this prevision of hidden relation between the man and the part he plays; and of a vaster and more mysterious drama, not understood, in which each has his place and into which all parts are fitted at last.

There are hours when the play seems very noble and majestic and the lines have a stately cadence, full of intimations of something divine slowly and sublimely speaking through words of human making; there are other hours when the play sinks to the level of low comedy or of coarse farce; and there are still other times when the stage echoes to "mere sound and fury, signifying nothing." And yet in farce, comedy, and tragedy some note is always sounded from beyond the bounds of the action, and in the most frivolous moment the piece suddenly turns to tragedy.

There are countless books of the play, each with its own account of the plot and the parts; its description of the stage and the scenes; its story of the making of the drama; and he who reads finds some truth in each, some insight into the meaning of the acts, some hint concerning the shaping and movement of the parts; but nowhere

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is the mystery of the play dispelled, nowhere is its ultimate issue revealed. Clouds and darkness, the rush of storms among the hills, the roar of tossing seas, the tumult of conflicting winds, envelop the stage or roll their deep tones over it; and are themselves part of the mystery. The curtain rises and falls continually; there are laughter, outcries, tears, passionate tones wild with anguish, voices sweet with all peace, thunders of applause; but the final scene is never disclosed, the curtain is never rung up on the last act.

The actors in this mystery play are always two: the man and the woman. Each plays many parts, there are countless rôles, and manifold plots run side by side or merge in one dramatic climax. There are moments when these two vanish from the stage or are lost in the masks they wear; and the stage is given over to fighters, leaders, thinkers, scholars, masters of affairs, seekers after truth, fame, adventure, fortune; but always at the heart of the play and investing it with a meaning deeper than all vocations are the man and the woman, the only original forces on the stage; in whose natures, not in whose vocations, are the roots of the comedy and the tragedy. They wear a thousand masks and are distinguished by fashions beyond number; but no thrill comes, there is no stir of imagination, no hint of the vaster drama, until the heart of the man and the woman suddenly charge with elemental power the various speech they use and through all disguises the original personality is disclosed. A thousand times the play runs out in minor parts and subordinate plots and takes on the monotony of mere function and form and task; and then suddenly, behold, the man and woman emerge again and the lines flash with contending humors or turn to poetry or sink to the deepest levels of tragedy. Vocations, occupations, uses domestic and public of all sorts, places, services, careers, are the mere dressing of the parts; when the word is spoken which "leaps immortal from out the painted pageantry," it is the voice of the man and woman that speaks. They hide behind a thousand parts and are concerned in a thousand plots and wear disguises as various as their tastes, their interests, their ambitions; but the interest of the play rests ultimately and solely in them, not in their rôles; and their passions, qualities, and natures are the stuff of which its immortal substance is woven. The deeper their differences of temperament, the more profound and definite the differences of qualities and traits between them, the richer and fuller will be the play of the forces that divide them the one from the other, the more will they bring to the mystery play, the more absorbing will be its interest, the more expressive its lines of the ultimate meanings of life.

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Mr. Bonaparte as a Lay Preacher

Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Roosevelt have both been jeered at for "preaching," and their preaching has been jeered at as a series of "platitudes." But The Outlook judges that they have rendered the country no more essential service than by their preaching, and that the clergy might well take lessons from both of them as to the kind of sermons congregations need. The latest illustration of this kind of practical preaching by a lay preacher is furnished by Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, the newly appointed Secretary of the Navy, in his recent address before the Christian Endeavor Convention in Baltimore. We quote from the New York "Tribune's" report a single typical paragraph:

> Because we cannot expect a perfect government, whether of this country or of any other, unless and until the people governed are also perfect, which is not likely to happen, here or elsewhere, in our time, the conclusion is not infrequently drawn that meantime any improvement is hopeless; but this is a grave mistake. No doubt, as there never has been, so there never will be, a perfect government of men by men; but there have been, there are now, much better governments than those we live under in the United States to-day, and I believe that there might be better governments now and here than any which the world has known in this country or any other. The true lesson is that the question of good government in America is essentially a moral and only incidentally a political one; this is, indeed, true of all governments, but more clearly and emphatically

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of a popular government than of any other. I mean by this that the friends of good government in America (and especially in America of to-day) have to do much less to devise methods for the efficient and economical administration of public affairs than to clearly and frequently set forth, and constantly and forcibly impress on the attention of their fellow-citizens, the true and admitted ends and principles of government and the daily manifest and grievous derelictions of duty on the part of the public officers and of the voters.

Whether there are now in the world better governments than those under which we live in the United States it is immaterial to inquire. The business of Americans is with their own government, and if it could be proved that other governments are as bad, that would furnish no reason why we should supinely submit to the badness of our own. Very certain it is that the people are responsible for the evils in their own government, because the people can amend them whenever they have the will to do so. What has been already accomplished in Minneapolis, St. Louis, Chicago, and Philadelphia is a sufficient demonstration of this fact.

But the vices of our government are not primarily governmental: they are American. They inhere, not in the government, but in the people. That graft exists in our commercial institutions no less than in our political institutions the revelations in the case of the New York Equitable prove beyond peradventure. Nor is this a single episode. It is illustrative of conditions to be found in all ranks of society, from the policeman to the millionaire. And for this condition of things the church is partly responsible. It has rare facilities for creating and developing public sentiment; and of these opportunities it has very imperfectly availed itself. If the Ten Commandments are disregarded as platitudes, it is a right time to preach them with something of the virility of utterance and the persistence in duration which have characterized the preaching of ex-President Cleveland and President Roosevelt. New forms of social organization create new forms of wrongdoing, and with these ministers ought to acquaint themselves, and against these they ought to proclaim the divine law. The automobilist who drives his car at railroad speed along a public highway and takes his chances of killing or maiming any one who happens to be in his way, the railroad official who from motives of economy fails to adopt the safety devices which would insure protection to his passengers, the merchant who adulterates goods and so puts death in the pot, all violate the spirit of the sixth Commandment. The public officer who takes a salary from the Nation to serve the people and a bribe from private enterprise to betray them, the trustee who buys stocks or bonds at a low rate and sells them to the corporation of which he is trustee at a higher rate, the gambler who manipulates the market in order to transfer to his own pockets the money of the ignorant and the unwary without giving them or intending to give them any equivalent therefor, all violate the spirit of the eighth Commandment. The professedly impartial historian who, to make his article spicy, uses quotation marks to mislead the public, and so furnishes the reader with half-truths which are worse than lies; the enterprising journalist who picks up the latest scandal on the street and gives it the widest possible circulation, regardless of the injury it may do the wholly innocent, violate the spirit of the ninth Commandment. These and kindred vices are common in America. And we cannot believe that they would be as common as they are if the ministry should know more about the practices of the twentieth century, even if they knew less about the theology of the sixteenth. What to-day America needs, and what we believe American congregations really desire, is neither poetry nor philosophy, neither entertainingly fresh interpretations of Scripture nor polemical criticism or defense of theologies, old or new, but just such messages as it is beginning to get from lay preachers: the duty and the beauty of common honesty, common purity, common humanity, and the power in the living God to enable common men to realize this beauty and fulfill this duty despite all the glamour and glitter of false ideals and all the pressure of a commercial age and an ill-educated public conscience.

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The Peace Plenipotentiaries

The Japanese Peace Commission

By William Elliot Griffis

THE contention between Muscovy and Nippon is much older than a century. Tired of sending three embassies (in 1860, 1867, and 1874) to St. Petersburg, whence they always came home shorn, they are glad to come to Washington—this time, shall we say, with shears?

Nor can the United States Government be charged with partiality to Japan. After promising, in the Townsend Harris treaty of 1859, at the request of the Japanese Government, to act as a friendly mediator between Japan and the European Powers, our Presidents pigeonholed all prayers from Shogun and Mikado alike. It was "east wind in a nag's ears," as the Japanese say. Through our Ministers, Pruyn in 1865 and De Long in 1870, they pleaded for help or advice concerning Russia's aggressions, but in vain. By sap and mine the Russians advanced, until, according to their settled policy, first of "exploration," then of "joint occupation," and finally of complete seizure, Saghalien was cut from Japan and became the Czar's territory. "The theory of the State" in 1861 required Tsushima to be Muscovite, and Japanese blood was shed by the Russian marauders bent on occupation. Katsu Awa, the Shogun's able Minister, invoked the aid of the British fleet and Tsushima was evacuated. In 1904 the long-gathering storm broke. In 1905 Admiral Kamimura sank Russian warships off Aniwa, Saghalien's chief seaport. At Tsushima one battle-ship was sunk by the guns of the fort on the land not far from the monument set up over the native defenders killed in 1861. The Japanese see poetic justice in this.

Apart, then, from any Manchurian, Korean, continental, or international question, Japan has a century-old contention with Russia, which on her side is a question of life or death. The Russians began their armed descents on Japanese soil, not without the shedding of blood, in 1806, but the Russo-Japanese question was a fitful one, until coal and steam made international politics oceanic, shifting the world's political center of gravity to the Far East. As soon as coal was found in Saghalien, even Perry had to hustle, as we say, to get ahead of Admiral Poutiatine. Then, while Russia kept pressing on to Aniwa, at the southern end of Saghalien, the Japanese, with repeated and costly embassies to the Czar's capital, importuned for justice in vain. The Japanese have long memories.

A Peace Conference will be useless unless it settles principles at stake and extirpates old roots of bitterness. Virtually the question to be discussed is an American one. Do Asiatic nations exist for conquest by Europeans, or are they to be aided to work out their own salvation; even as the people of the United States, through explorers, merchants, missionaries, teachers, and healers, have, since 1784, declared and by act affirmed?

To-day, two of the younger, as distinct from the "Elder Statesmen" of Japan (five of whom still survive from the *coup d'état* of 1868), come to offer the olive branch. Americans in 1905 know their names by reputation and their faces by photograph. Let me recall the situation when I saw them first, in the Imperial University of Tokyo, then in process of formation, in my educational pioneering days.

One bright-eyed lad, named Kogoro Takahira, chubby and active, hailed from Iwaté (whence the famous warship's name) up north. I do not remember that he was my pupil, for my work was in chemistry and physics, though I

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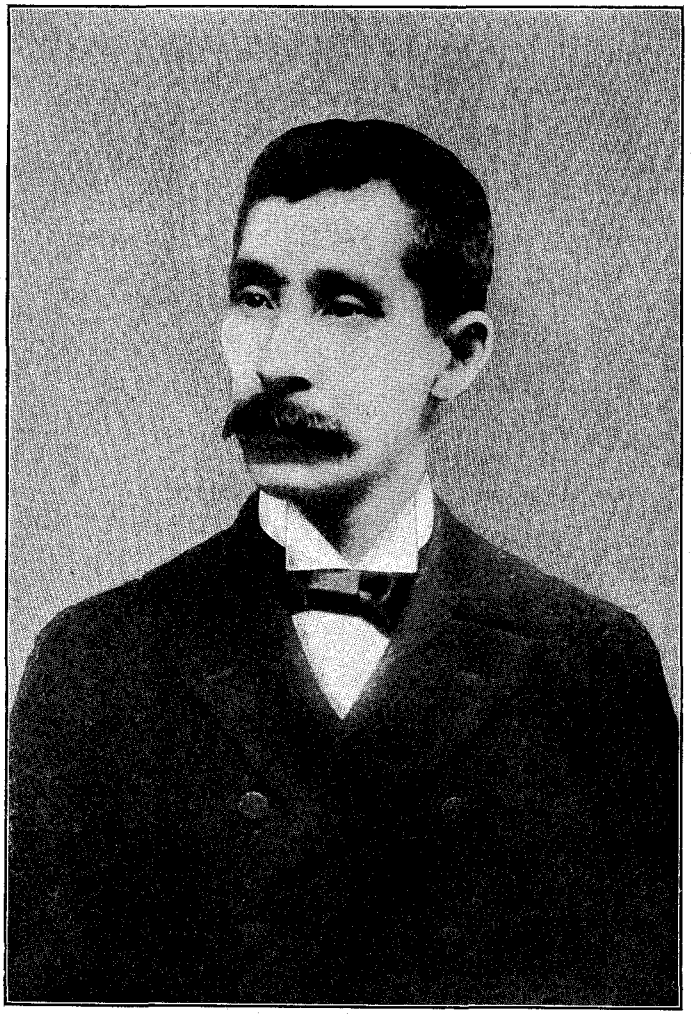
often volunteered to take the classes in English Composition and Literature and in Moral Science. By so doing I could learn most of the real mind, the hereditary opinions, the passing thought of these lads—genuine products of the old Japan, while yet filled with the spirit of the new age. After leaving Japan I saw little of him until first as a Secretary of Legation and then as Minister I met him often at Washington. The last time I talked with him was at Arlington, on the greensward beside the grave of our Admiral Taylor, one of whose pall-bearers was Admiral Rogers, the grandson of Commodore Perry.

After three years' work in the Foreign Office in Tokyo, Mr. Takahira had experience in Korea, China, again in Tokyo, New York, the Netherlands, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, once more in Tokyo as Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, and finally as head of the Legation in Washington. What Takahira does not know about this Russo-Japanese question it would be hard for any one to find out. Not a man of war, but a man of diplomacy from his youth up, I hope yet to salute him as Japan's first Ambassador to the United States.



BARON JUTARO KOMURA

The lad who was daily under my own eye for more than two years, and whom

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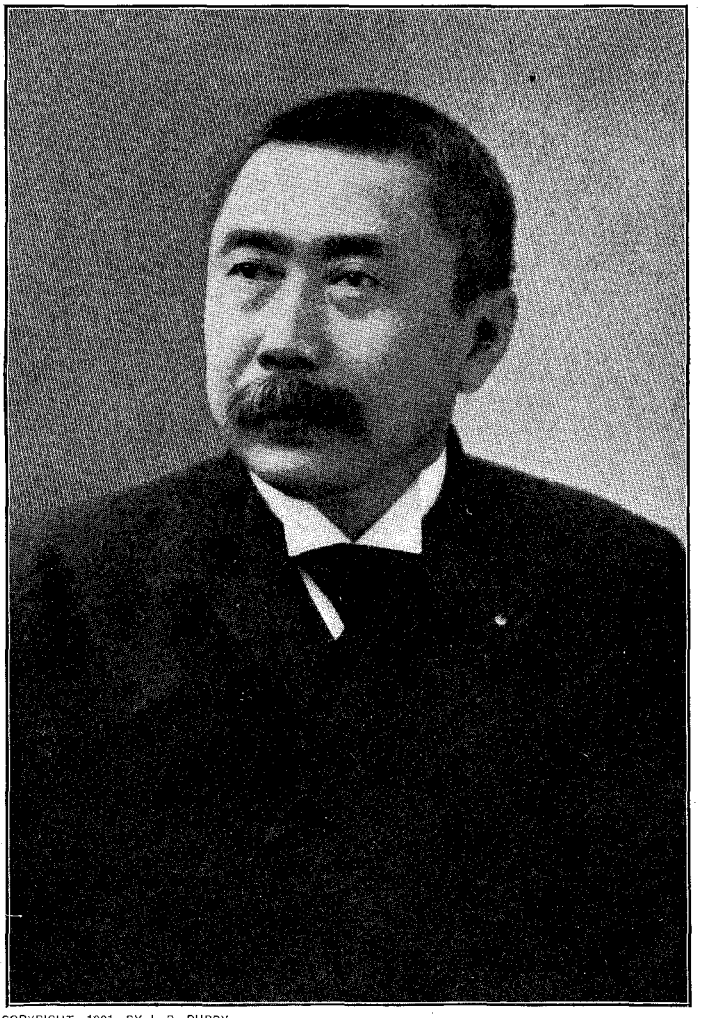
it was a privilege to teach, was Jutaro Komura. He, too, as we see to-day, was fortunate, though not then considered so, in being unconnected with one of the three great clans (Sat-Cho-To), but coming from the comparatively obscure province of Hiuga in the far south.



CORYRIGHT, 1901 BY J. B. PURDY

KOGORO TAKAHIRA

Among Komura's classmates still living are not a few of Japan's front-rank men, with names that shine in science, journalism, education, civil and military life, as international jurists, code-lawyers, or quondam members of the Cabinet. But not one of them in the class-room, as I then thought, could beat Komura at the end of the race. Not that he was always as quick and bright in starting off, or in furnishing a surface solution, as were some of the more voluble ones; but for patient mastery of all the details and elements of the matter in hand, and in final mastery, Komura had not his equal. A merry fellow he was, too, taking good-naturedly the fun sometimes poked at him, but I think even then the more showy students had a very high regard for this man who was sure, after a long race, to come in leading them all. When I met him again in New York, and in Philadelphia at the Centennial Exposition, he was on his way to Harvard for a full course, in which, I believe, he took

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after graduation the first degree ever granted by Harvard to a Japanese. He got his initial diplomatic experience at St. Petersburg, but his chief laurels were won at Peking in 1900, where as Minister of Foreign Affairs he thoroughly mastered the situation. He was next made Minister of Foreign Affairs in Tokyo, and in February, 1903, created a Baron, beginning those long and delicate negotiations which were interrupted by the war.

With what spirit will Japan come? Will she "step into high clogs" and "wear a high collar"? Is her real purpose revenge, or the humiliation of Russia? Is Japan in any way a menace or danger to Christendom or to the world?

It is foolish to predict, but prophecy is not prediction. The fortune-teller makes a clever guess in language capable of manifold interpretations. The prophet utters the truth as he sees it. The Japanese will be what they have been. The burnished surface of the mirror of their thousand years of history is clear. Looking in this and the national temperament and traditions, the natural limits and possibilities, the economics, and, not least, the scars which famine and selfish statesmanship have left upon the nation, I believe the Japanese national genius is not for war but for peace. The Japanese want food, not territory; commerce, not conquest. They will insist on the right to exist, to colonize, to trade, to develop peacefully, so as to be, by worthy rivalry and ultimate achievement, second to no nation on earth. It is not their wish to humble Russia. On the contrary, they not only want her good will, but they need her as a peaceable neighbor. They intend to do away, if possible, with any necessity for another war. Those who know the Japanese best are persuaded that their first and final ambition is to make their country and people equal to any on the globe. The consummation of that purpose includes the mighty task of uplifting fifty millions of souls. To this they have bent all their energies since 1868, nor do they intend to halt now.

It is useless to speculate on the details of the terms of peace. All Japan wants to know for the conference is the sincerity of Russia's desire for peace. The two great parties in Japan, the Constitutional and the Progressive, have issued their manifestoes, but happily the present Government in Tokyo is not in any way committed to partisanship. Down at the bottom the real question is the integrity of the Chinese Empire, and Japan's right to trade and colonization in Asia.

The Russian Peace Commission

By Charles E. Kloeber, Jr.

THE Commission to which Russia has intrusted her case in the pending negotiations for peace presents a skillful assembling of specialists in the wide range of important subjects which will enter into consideration in the making of the Treaty of Washington. The high character and well-known ability of the two plenipotentiaries, M. Muraviev and Baron Rosen, as well as the prominence of several of the advisory assistants to the Commission, are evidence that the Government at St. Petersburg is keenly alive to the profound influence which must be exerted on Russia's future by the results of this effort toward peace. From Count Muraviev, who has been called from his post as Ambassador at Rome to become senior plenipotentiary, down through the list of assistants, each member apparently has been selected with a view to his special fitness for some phase of the negotiations, and, taking them by and large, it cannot be denied that Russia presents a strong array of counsel.

M. Muraviev probably is better fitted for this delicate mission than M. Nelidov, Russian Ambassador at Paris, whose selection as senior plenipotentiary was canceled because of his health. Nelidov is essentially a diplomat, a graduate from that school whose methods are devious to the point of unscrupulous-

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ness. Muraviev is not only a diplomat but a statesman as well, and also possesses a profound knowledge of law, having held the positions of President of the Criminal Section of the Senate, which is the high court of Russia, and Minister of Justice. His colleague is Baron Rosen, who succeeds Count Cassini as Ambassador at Washington and whose last post was Minister at Tokyo, where he was sent in 1893 and remained until the beginning of the present war. Prior to that he had been Russia's Chargé at the Japanese capital. His length of service in Japan has given him a thorough understanding of Russia's adversary, which will be of inestimable value in the negotiations. The two plenipotentiaries present a marked contrast in both physical and mental characteristics. Muraviev has spent his entire life in the Emperor's service at home or abroad, and his legal acumen, his oratorical power, his knowledge of international affairs, and his polished manner have combined to make him one of the most conspicuous figures in Russian public life. Rosen is his opposite. Sturdy of build and straightforward to the point of bluntness, he is rather more of the consular than the diplomatic type. He is in his sixties, somewhat older than M. Muraviev, who was born in 1850, but does not show his years, his white hair and beard rather lessening than increasing his apparent age. Rosen is not a brilliant man, but he has a Western directness and common sense which have accomplished things where a finer diplomacy probably would have failed. Amiability is his strong point. It is said that no foreign official ever attained the popularity he won during his long service in Japan. Even in the delicate position in which he found himself just prior to the outbreak of the war, he succeeded in maintaining the personal friendship of the Japanese officials, effectively separating his official from his private position in Tokyo. The Japanese plenipotentiaries whom he will face at the council table are his warm friends of years, and he is counted upon to thus smooth over the difficult places which must arise, and inject into the negotiations the element of personal liking as against Muraviev's distinctly legal and diplomatic functions.

As has been said, the Russian Commission is composed of specialists. To appreciate the full truth of this statement one must turn to those officials who will have no seat in the councils, but who have been appointed as advisers and assistants to the plenipotentiaries. Chief of these, and probably better known to the general public than either of the plenipotentiaries themselves, is Professor F. de Maartens. He is probably the greatest of Russian jurists, if not one of the world's greatest authorities on international law. He is a Privy Councilor of Russia, a permanent member of the Council for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and emeritus professor of international law at the University of St. Petersburg. Professor de Maartens, it will be remembered, was in 1902 recipient of the Noebel Peace Prize, which he so well earned by his notable services as an arbitrator in nearly all of the great international arbitrations of recent years. He acted in this capacity in the famous Venezuelan dispute, as well as in the "Pious Fund" case at The Hague between the United States and Mexico. As a delegate to the Hague Peace Conference he took a prominent part in the work of that body, and last year he was made head of the Russian Commission on Contraband of War. In 1901 Professor de Maartens's great work in the cause of peace and his eminent qualities as a jurist received further recognition when Yale conferred upon him her Doctorate of Laws on the occasion of the bicentenary of that University. It will thus be seen that in Muraviev and De Maartens Russia has strongly fortified herself as far as the diplomatic and legal phases of the negotiations are concerned. To reinforce Baron Rosen in his knowledge of Oriental matters is M. Pokotilov, at present Russian Minister at Peking, who is not only a diplomat but a recognized master of finance. He was formerly managing director of the Chinese Bank at Peking, from which position he was sent to London to succeed Tatischev as agent of the Russian Ministry of Finance. Pokotilov was regarded as Russia's ablest agent in the

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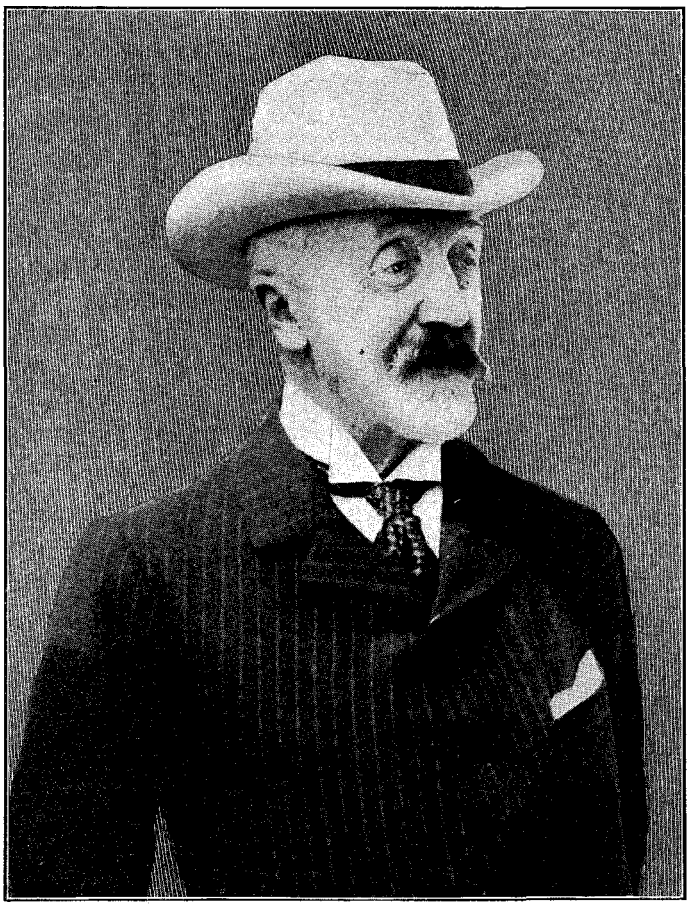
Orient, where he is far better known than in Europe. He exerted great influence at the Peking Court, and was looked upon as closer to the Sacred City than any other Minister. Promptly recognizing his value in the delicate situation created in Peking by the present war, the Emperor appointed him Minister to China on the death of Paul his Government in the Turko-Grecian War, and saw some service in the war between Turkey and Russia in 1877–78, participating in the siege of Plevna.

Neither Yermolov nor Rosen comes as a stranger to the United States, for the General was military attaché at Washington during the war with Spain, and Baron Rosen was once Consul-General at



BARON ROSEN

Lessar. To Pokotilov and M. Shipov, director of the Treasury Department, who is also an adviser to the Russian plenipotentiaries, probably will be intrusted the details regarding the cash indemnity which Russia will be called upon to pay. Major-General Yermolov, who completes the Russian Commission, is a soldier of some distinction, but has seen more service at European courts than on the battlefield. He represented

New York, and during President Cleveland's first administration he was Chargé d'Affaires at Washington. He still retains his membership in the Metropolitan Club in that city, where this genial Russian gentleman is warmly remembered by a host of friends.

Like Muraviev, Baron Rosen is descended from a distinguished ancestry, the family having given Russia many able figures in war, statesmanship, and

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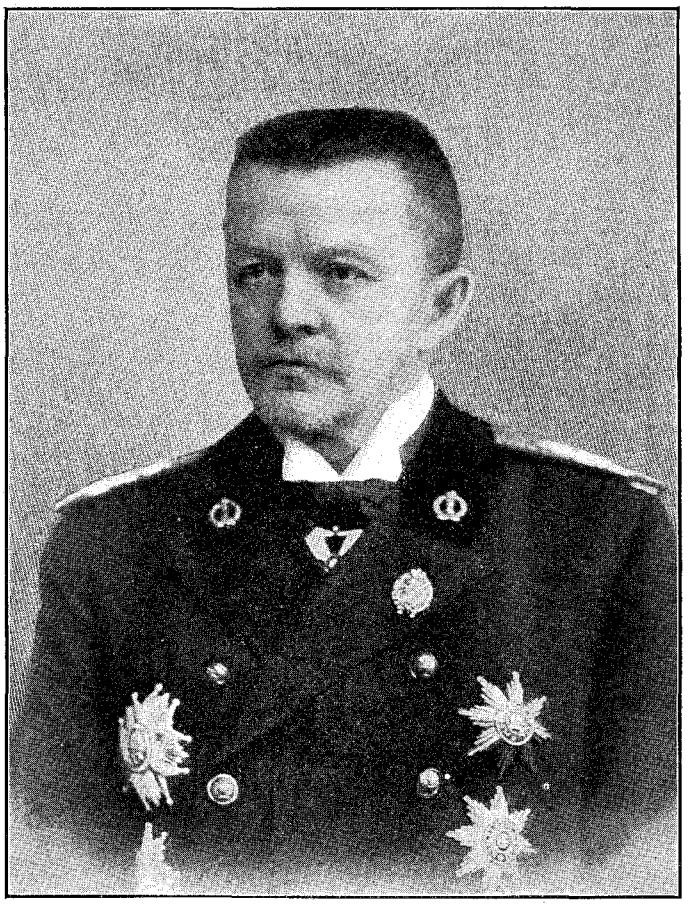
literature. The Rosens are of Swedish stock, having followed Gustavus Adolphus in the invasion of Muscovy in the seventeenth century. They settled in Lithuania, where the family estates are located. Baron Roman Romanovitch de Rosen, the junior plenipotentiary, is a State Councilor of Russia, Chamberlain of the Imperial Court, Knight of the Orders of St. Vladimir and St. Ann and St. Stanislas, and his linguistic acquirements are remarkable even for a Russian diplomat. He speaks English, French, Italian, German, and converses fluently in Japanese. His scholarly acquirements are well known, and, like his wife, who is a daughter of General Odintzov, for many years Governor-General of Nijni-Novgorod, he is an accomplished musician.

The Muravievs first attained prominence in the year 1488, when they came into landed estates in the province of Novgorod, which the family still hold. Nicholas V. Muraviev is a brother of that Count Muraviev who died suddenly in 1900, while Minister of Foreign Affairs. The brothers were leaders in the movement which resulted in the reformation of the Russian penal system, and also in the development of the resources of Siberia. In 1892 M. Muraviev was appointed President of the Criminal Section of the Senate, and two years later, on the death of Manassein, he became Minister of Justice. It was under his administration that the judicial reforms of the Governments of Archangel and Astrakhan were accomplished. He was President of the Tribunal at The Hague



COUNT NICOLAS MURAVIEV

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which arbitrated the case between Venezuela and the blockading Powers, and it was on this occasion, when rendering the decision of the court, that he made some remarks which created a decided sensation in diplomatic circles. The war between Russia and Japan had just broken out, and M. Muraviev, in thinly disguised language, said, in effect, that a just Providence would distinguish between right and unfounded pretensions, and at the end of the war between a European and an Asiatic nation the right would shine out afresh. His remarks were not officially noticed by any Power, although it is known that Japan keenly resented what it, as well as several other Powers, considered a violation of the ethics of such a tribunal as The Hague. M. Muraviev was appointed Ambassador at Rome in February of the present year. His appointment to a diplomatic post was something of a surprise, and led to the usual rumors that he was not wholly in accord with the element then in influence in St. Petersburg. His selection as chief plenipotentiary in the peace negotiations, however, would indicate that the Imperial displeasure, if it ever existed, was short-lived.

It is well known that Baron Rosen rested for a time under the shadow of disfavor. He was a victim of the clique by which the Emperor was surrounded during the period just prior to the beginning of hostilities. His enemies charged that he had not been active in reporting Japan's preparedness for war, and the Russian press made him the object of some sharp criticism. As a matter of fact it is no secret in diplomatic circles that Baron Rosen kept his Government thoroughly informed of the state of Japanese public feeling and the military activity and general preparedness of the Government to which he was credited. These reports, however, never reached the Emperor, for the then all-powerful Alexiev was able to thwart the earnest efforts of the Russian Minister at Tokyo to avert war. Baron Rosen's great popularity in Tokyo was also used as a weapon by his opponents. Even the wave of bitter distrust and hatred for everything Russian which swept over Japan in the trying months before the war did not extend to him. Throughout the negotiations he carefully carried out his instructions to the letter; but no matter how exasperating they were, or how much the Russian replies were delayed, no personal blame was attached to the Russian Minister. He managed to keep his personal relations with the Japanese officials on the same amiable and friendly basis he had attained by his pleasant manner and well-known sincerity. He remained in Tokyo four days after the war broke out. On his departure great honors were shown him, and he was the recipient of magnificent gifts from the Emperor Mutsuhito. The Japanese Government and people strove in every way to show that the rupture with Russia had not affected their regard for Baron Rosen, the man.

On his return to St. Petersburg he was enabled to get the Emperor's ear and tell his story. In view of the double honor shown him by his appointment as Ambassador at Washington, a post he has long coveted, and as a peace plenipotentiary, it is apparent that the Czar was satisfied with what he had to say. Rosen's ability to make friends and the conscientiousness with which he performs his duty will finely supplement the sagacity and brilliance of M. Muraviev. It has been said of Rosen that he is incapable of a brilliant diplomatic stroke; but, on the other hand, it may be said that he is equally incapable of making a grave diplomatic blunder.

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SOME NEW COLLEGE PRESIDENTS OF THE YEAR

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

President of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville

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EDMUND J. JAMES

President of the University of Illinois, Urbana

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BROWN AYRES

President of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville

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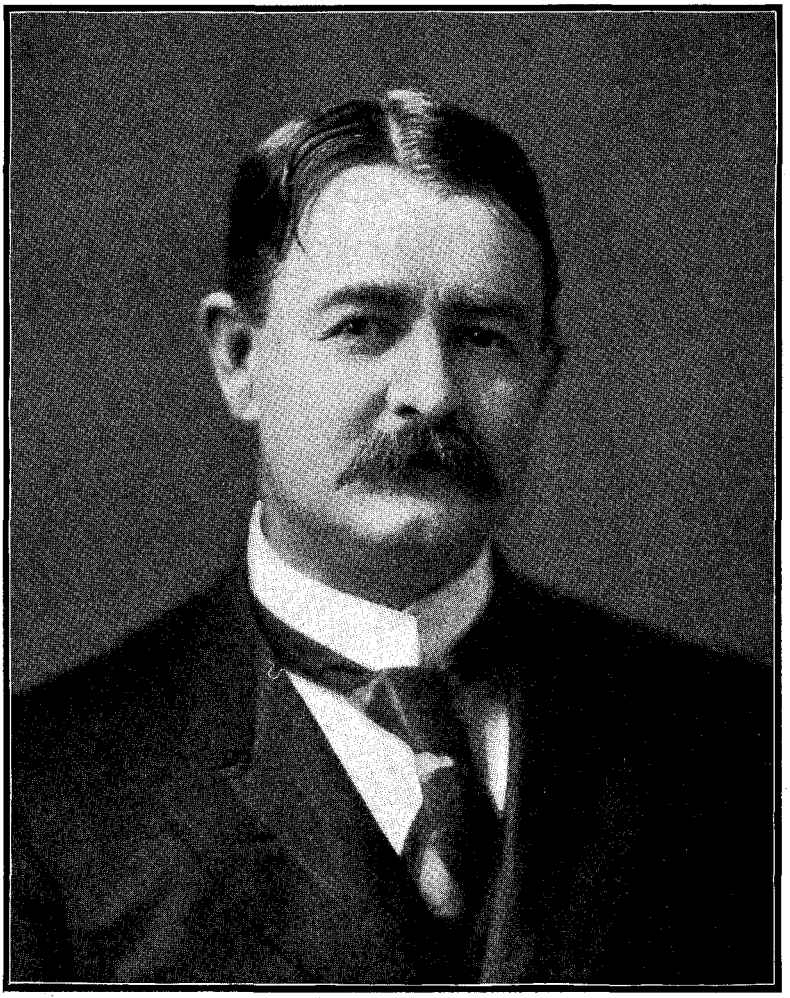

E. B. CRAIGHEAD

President of the Tulane University of Louisiana, New Orleans

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FLAVEL S. LUTHER

President of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut

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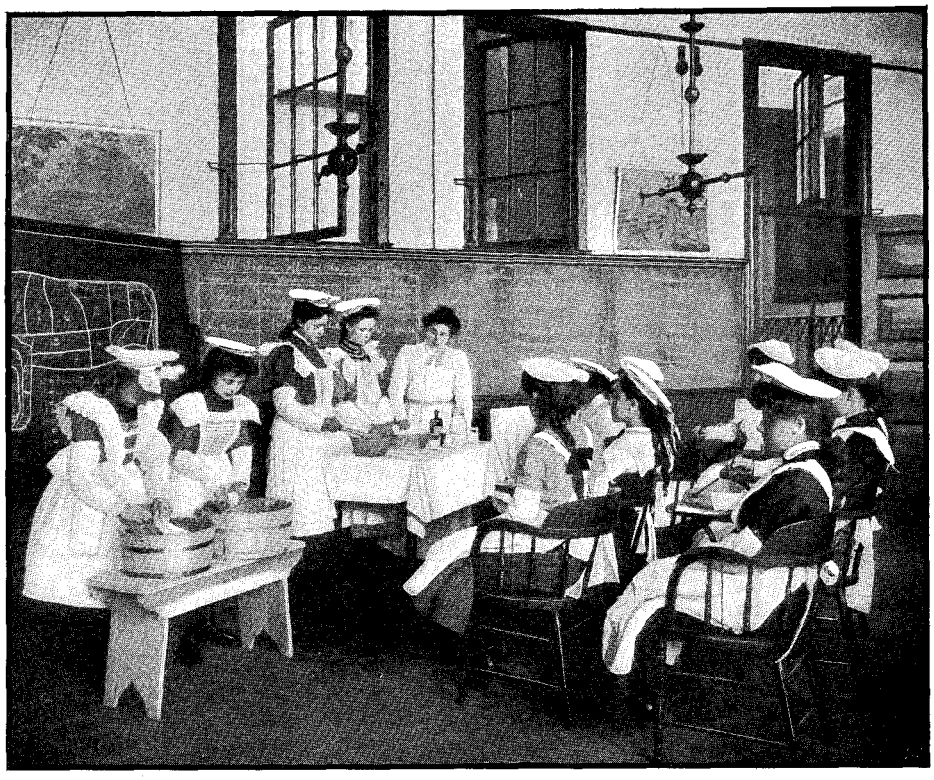

A HOUSEKEEPING CLASS

A PLAYGROUND AND OUTDOOR GYMNASIUM

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Work and Play in the Public Schools

By Winifred Buck

IDEALS in regard to free education have undergone many changes since the Free School Society was organized one hundred years ago. This body was incorporated under the style of "The Society for establishing a free school in the city of New York for the education of such poor children as do not belong to, or are not provided for by, any religious society," and its first school was the direct progenitor of the New York public schools of to-day. For several years the only instruction given by the teachers of the Society was in reading, writing, arithmetic, and non-sectarian "religion."

To-day the public schools do not reserve their benefits for the "poor," nor are children now the only beneficiaries of gratuitous education. Last winter forty evening schools were in session in Manhattan four nights a week, and a large proportion of their attendants had reached maturity or were even elderly or old. In the classes where English is taught to foreigners, fathers and mothers and even grandparents recite and study beside their offspring.

As every one knows, the elaborate courses of free evening lectures which have been given in the public schools for sixteen years are prepared specially with a view to interesting and instructing adults; children, as a matter of fact, are not admitted to them at all. These courses are extremely varied in subject, ranging as they do from illustrated talks on travel, art, and music to technical discourses on chemistry and electricity. Their popularity cannot be doubted, for last year the 4,665 lectures given were attended by 1,134,005 people—an average of over 243 for each lecture.

Half a dozen public schools have now been nearly completely decorated with pictures and casts of the masterpieces of Europe and America by the Public Education Association of this city. Three years ago the experiment was tried of opening one of these schools on a Saturday afternoon and evening, so that the parents of the pupils could see the decorations which their children enjoyed every day. Catalogues had been made, and these were distributed among the visitors, who conscientiously identified in them every cast and picture. People who have frequent opportunities for seeing original works of art fail to understand that less privileged individuals gain an immense pleasure from mere reproductions. This being the case, one of the most important missions of a decorated school-house should be to serve as a local art gallery, open free to the public three or four times a winter. This plan has been proved to be feasible in every way, for tips to the janitor and his assistants for cleaning and attendance, and a trifle for printing and postage, constitute the whole cost, while volunteer helpers, whom any committee will find among its friends, can guard the rooms and eliminate the danger of theft or damage.

The nature exhibitions which have, of late years, been held in several schools at different seasons of the year, constitute a charming innovation in the austere routine of school life. Flowers, of course, prevail at the spring exhibitions, while colored leaves, shells, burrs, fruit, and evergreens are the chief attractions at the autumn shows. As all the work of preparation is done by volunteers, and as the nature material is donated by country friends of the committee in charge, the expense of getting up these shows is very small—forty-five dollars, to be exact, being the cost of the four which were held last year. Hundreds of children, of course, visited the exhibitions, but many parents also found time to attend, and their pleasure in and appreciation of what they saw was fully equal to that of the younger people.

In spite of the bitter opposition of certain Presbyterian ministers, a philanthropic society year before last succeeded in gaining permission of the Board of Education to give a grown people's concert Sunday afternoon in a Twenty-eighth

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A VACATION CLASS IN AN OUTDOOR GYMNASIUM

Street school. The result of this innovation is well described by the chairman of the committee in charge. "In this particular school district many of the people are unmusical and unmannerly. At first it was difficult to prevent stamping and whistling, but those who attended the concerts soon learned what was expected of them and became quiet and polite. There has been an average attendance of over four hundred this season, several entire families having been present each Sunday during the winter. These musically ignorant people have demonstrated a fact that is most interesting, especially to those who believe that only the best music should be given, and that only good performers should interpret it, to the ignorant. The poor performers could interest their listeners with only the simplest English songs, and their instrumental music was visibly trying to the audience; but the genuine artist, the efficient musician, could play or sing anything—even songs in a strange language—and command the attention of his hearers to the end. Let us look for a moment at the practical side of this question of opening the public schools for other purposes than the children's morning lessons. What conditions do we find near the schoolhouses? The usual tenement-houses with their crowded homes and small opportunity for physical comfort; no quiet, no fresh air, six days generally spent in manual labor, and Sunday afternoon the only free time—those who attend church having done so earlier in the day. Now, what occupation offers for these leisure hours? Practically none. We have thousands of citizens for whose leisure no safe resting-place is provided, but who would quickly learn to welcome a weekly musical hour. To what higher use can our schools be devoted than to arouse that desire for good, that appreciation of better things, that exists in every man?"

But it is not only in respect to the age of school pupils that the ideals of a hundred years ago have changed; the whole conception of the meaning of the word education is now a much broader one. I do not refer to the fact that many "ologies" are now taught; that is only the logical elaboration of the original design of teaching the "three R's." It

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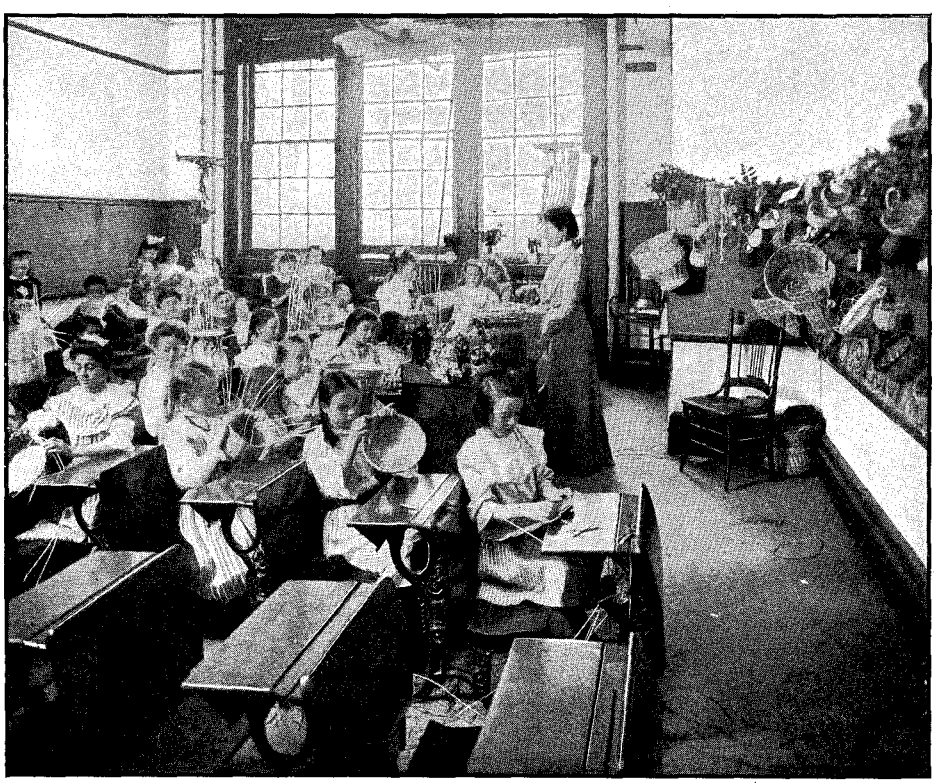
is in breaking away from the old tradition that an education can be obtained only from books or from the words of the master that New York has denoted her progress. About six years ago, however, the idea was still deeply rooted in the minds of the members of the School Board that only "instruction" could be education. On that ground they refused to allow a philanthropic society to establish boys' clubs, with their games and free discussions, in a public school. It became necessary, therefore, to have the law so amended that the authorities could, at their discretion, use the schools for "recreation" as well as "instruction;" and it is as "recreation" that the great winter "play centers" and the summer "vacation schools" have since been grafted on to the school system of the city.

During the year 1903–4 twenty-three public schools in Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn were kept open every evening to provide amusement for the thousands of boys and girls who would otherwise roam the streets or frequent questionable resorts. In these "play centers," as they are called, a delightful, wholesome, and inspiring evening may be spent. The two large indoor playgrounds on the ground floor of each school are thrown open and cheerfully lighted. One of these great rooms is fitted up with tables and chairs for quiet games, such as checkers, authors, and ping-pong, while the other big play-room is reserved for basket-ball and gymnastics. Upstairs half a dozen class-rooms are used for club meetings; for the boys and girls who pass their evenings in the centers have actually been organized into little self-governing clubs, where they elect their own officers, make their own laws, and learn the first principles of co-operation and of honest and intelligent self-government. One class-room is set apart for school-boys who wish to learn their next day's lessons; and any one who knows the noisy, crowded life of a tenement home will appreciate what a boon this quiet study-room is to the young student.



BASKET-MAKING IN A VACATION SCHOOL

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A KINDERGARTEN ON A RECREATION PIER

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There is no more cheering experience than a visit to a center on a bleak winter night. Such sounds of hilarity greet you when the outer door is opened that you expect to find a scene of wild confusion within. But not at all. Solemn-faced Jewish boys are playing checkers or reading books at the small tables, while the livelier ones are playing at the ping-pong tables, surrounded by "rooters," who cheer each deft return of the ball. In the basket-ball and gymnastic room there is gay activity among two hundred boys. Perhaps an interscholastic basket-ball game is in progress; in which case the whole roomful will be divided in its sympathies, quite in the style of a Yale-Harvard football match. The colors of the opposing schools will be much in evidence, and hearty cheering soon raises the spirits of players and onlookers to a high pitch.

READY FOR WORK OR PLAY

Shortly after entering the center a small boy will stagger toward you under a load of chairs, and he will beg you politely to be seated. And when you are leaving, another boy will present you with tickets for the Grand Annual Entertainment of his club a week hence. When you say that you will not be in that part of town again, his face will fall; a grown-up audience is *so* inspiring, and, with the exception of mothers and sisters, so difficult to gather.

When the play centers were first opened, boys and girls were admitted together, according to the time-honored American custom. Whatever may be said for this in theory, in practice it simply did not "work." The sexes divided instantly into groups, ostensibly hostile, but in reality each thrilled and distracted by the presence of the other. The girls frankly owned to having "crushes" on their enemies, and were always in a state of self-conscious expectancy which precluded the possibility of securing their attention for games or dances. The boys affected a fine scorn for the fair sex, which was expressed by hair-pulling and sarcasm; but many a goal was lost in the ball game by a player's ill-timed glance to see what the girls were thinking of him. Now the boys and girls have separate play centers, and peace, orderliness, and contentment reign.

Compared with the boys' play centers the girls' are rather tame, although they have precisely the same advantages. Saturday is their gala night. Then the old square piano is brought into the playground, and while one of the teachers plays two-steps and waltzes, the girls dance with an ardor which makes it difficult to believe that most of them have been running for "cash" in a department store, or have been making cigarettes or flowers in a factory all day.

Young people are not the only ones who enjoy the public schools for recreation. A dozen fat and elderly Germans one year met in a downtown center to play orchestral music together; and in an uptown school a fathers' club holds weekly sessions, and gives frequent par-

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ties to the mothers' club, which meets in another school four blocks away. I asked what they did at these parties, and was told, " Recitations and ice-cream."

During the summer months, when the terms of compulsory attendance are over, thirty-nine schools and eighty-eight playgrounds in Greater New York are now

AN EVENING RECREATION CENTER

open all day for any child or any baby who wants to come in to amuse itself or learn something. Kindergarten classes are held every morning, and sand-piles, swings, shovels, and carts are ready for the entertainment of the little tots in the afternoon. For the older children are gymnastics, games, and classes in Venetian iron-work, basketry, bench-work, fret-sawing, whittling, chair-caning, domestic science, sewing, millinery, embroidery, knitting, crocheting, and weaving. The superintendent in her report says: "Visitors were impressed by the rapt attention the pupils gave to the [manual] work on which they were employed. Frequently they would beg to stay after hours to finish pieces they felt loth to leave for the morrow." In one school the children had fitted up a class-room (from which the benches had been removed) as a pretty little sitting-room, where they could invite their friends and parents to tea parties. The boys in the bench-work class had made shelves and furniture, and the girls had made

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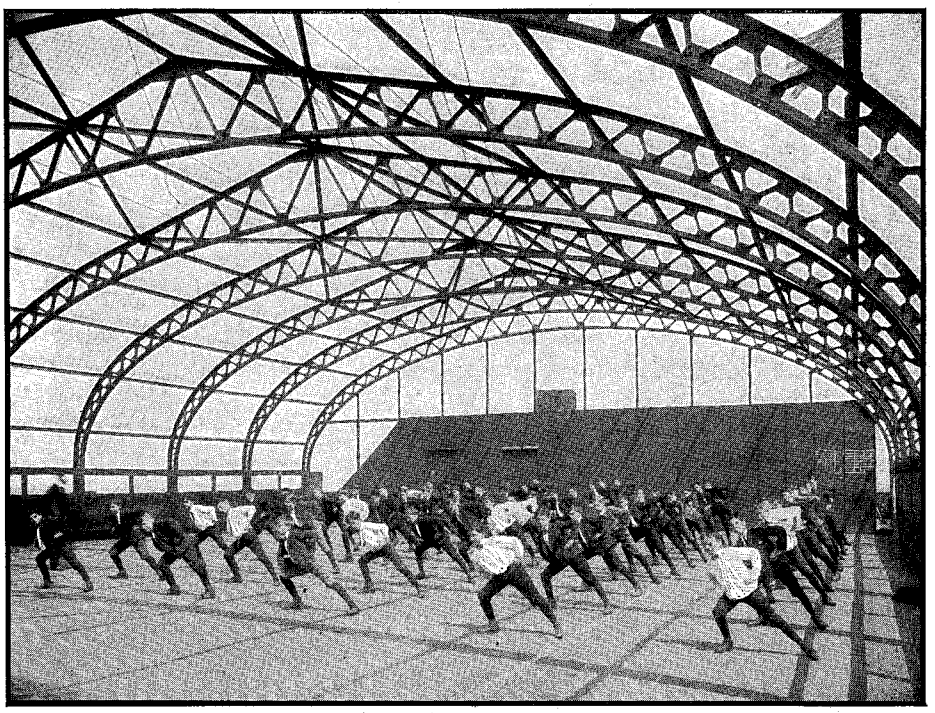
sofa pillows and embroidered table-covers. The cooking class provided the refreshments, and the teachers superintended the parties and saw that the little hostesses were polite and attentive to their guests. All this was done at trifling cost, and was useful as an object-lesson not only to children but to parents as well.

NATURE STUDY

At frequent intervals during the summer the teachers take their classes to places of interest in the city, or to one of the outlying parks for an interscholastic basket-ball game, or for informal talks about birds, flowers, and trees.

Most of the members of the Board of Education have now been converted to the ideal enunciated by Mr. Jacob A. Riis fifteen years ago, that the public schools should be the social, recreational, and intellectual centers of their neighborhoods for people of all ages and classes. This ideal could be completely realized at once if only sufficient funds for the purpose were appropriated. Unfortunately, those in control of the city's finances do not appreciate the significance and importance of any branch of the school work but the regular morning sessions; and the work of the Recreation Department has thereby been seriously crippled. For instance, while last year there were twenty-three play centers open every evening, this year there were only twenty-one, two of which were open but once a week. This means that at least two thousand children who



PHYSICAL TRAINING ON A SCHOOL-HOUSE ROOF

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A CLASS IN FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

had grown accustomed to the innocent joys of their clubs and ball games were turned on to the street at night. It must be added, too, that the twenty-one remaining play centers existed in spite of opposition, for they would have all been abolished if the public had not raised such a hue and cry when it was proposed last winter. The free lectures have also suffered. In 1905 a smaller appropriation for this work was granted than for any of the three preceding years. As a consequence, several of the small lecture centers had to be closed, and none of the constant demands for new lecture centers can be granted. This brings me to the point I want to make in this article, which is, that our schools will be exactly what the public wants them to be. There is no city department which has opportunities of doing a vaster amount of good than the Department of Education, and nowhere are to be found so many professional men and women giving such unselfish and enlightened service. But here, as in every other field of activity in America, it is the weight of public desires that rules. Citizens should study the public schools and should decide whether they are to be allowed to relinquish the many branches of educational work that have been undertaken, or whether they are to continue broadening in scope and usefulness until they veritably become the most effective agents in the city for the spreading of happiness and wisdom among the people.

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Public School Leaders

Since the day of the famous Ezekiel Cheever, who from 1637 to 1708 tutored and trounced the youth of New Haven, Ipswich, and Boston, the American school has been deemed the salt of the American State, no less than the Church is deemed the salt of the earth. But the modern development of our public school system dates from a time hardly more than two-thirds of a century past, and is still in progress under able leaders seconded by a large and aspiring part of the teaching corps. A few among many of these leaders are here presented as sketched by those who know them well.

AMONG the leaders in the struggle for municipal reform that has drawn the attention of the country to Chicago is its Superintendent of Schools, Edwin Gilbert Cooley. A native of Iowa, born in 1857 of New England parents, his early life was one of humble circumstances and hard work, in which, however, he studied and read as conditions permitted. In 1895 he at last was able to finish the work interrupted twenty years before, obtaining a collegiate degree at the University of Chicago, and pursuing graduate studies there. In 1898 he ran unsuccessfully for County Superintendent of Schools for Cook County, Illinois. In January, 1900, he was chosen Principal of the Chicago Normal School, but had not taken up his duties there when elected Superintendent of Schools in June of that year.

Superintendent Cooley is a sane man without fads, whose heart delights in books and children, whose mind dwells in the world of men and action. Such a man—tireless, practical-minded, inflexible in purpose, loving righteousness, a student and keen judge of men and events as well as of books, forceful, tactful, genial—has within himself resources of power to conquer obstacles and to organize, construct, administer systems. Reforms requiring such qualities have been accomplished in the Chicago schools under his administration. The merit system of appointments has superseded political influence. The elimination of "pull" has saved valuable time for school administration, and turned teachers' minds from the "job" side of school work to consideration of the child for whom the school system exists. School administration has been simplified by cutting out numerous unnecessary positions and teachers, and reorganized by bringing all departments, through a business system of organization and records, under the direct control of the Board of Superintendents, responsible to the General Superintendent. Teachers' positions have been made dependent upon efficiency and scholarship alone. Salaries have been raised, and promotions guaranteed to successful teachers who continue their scholarly interests. Requirements for admission to the teaching force have been increased, and examinations systematized and protected against juggling. By such results the wisdom of the Chicago Board of Education in placing Mr. Cooley at the head of the schools in that city has been abundantly justified during the five years of his service.

The rapidly growing city of Peoria, Illinois, enjoys the unusual distinction of having a Superintendent of Schools who has held his office for twenty-seven years, and during this period has made the city schools keep fully abreast of growing needs. Newton C. Dougherty, born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and trained in the old Millersville Normal School, began work as a teacher at Morris, Illinois, at the age of twenty-two. Subsequently he was in charge of the Rock River Seminary, the Alma Mater of Senator Cullom, Robert R. Hitt, John A. Rawlins, and others of National reputation. He went to Peoria in 1878. During his management there the population of the city has increased one hundred and fifty per cent., the teachers' pay roll five hundred per cent., and the

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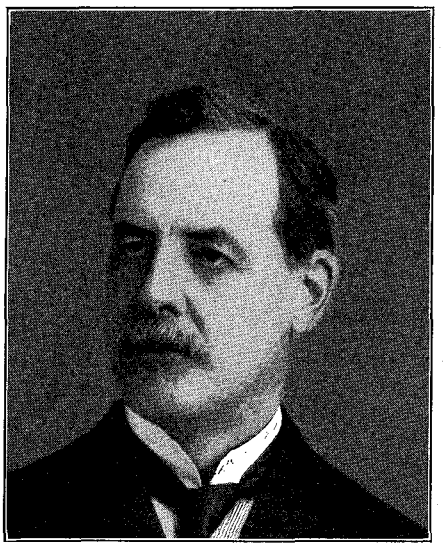
annual expenditures for public schools more than six hundred per cent. Within the last ten years all the old grammar school buildings have been replaced by new ones of the best modern type, and a new high school building is now under way. No city in Illinois has a larger percentage of its population in school. The courses of study and the methods of instruction have been kept up to the best standards. The people of Peoria say this is due, as much as it can be to one man, to Mr. Dougherty, who to great energy, scholarly habits, and genial ways unites the qualities of the business man and the schoolmaster in a quite unusual way. Mr. Dougherty is President of the Peoria National Bank, and as such is rated among the "solid men" of the city. He is a life member and director of the National Educational Association, was its President in 1896, and is a member of the National Council of Education. He was also the founder of "The Schoolmasters' Club," one of the most influential of the many educational associations of Illinois.



NEWTON C. DOUGHERTY
Superintendent of Schools, Peoria, Illinois

Andrew Sloan Draper, LL.D., Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, was born in Westford, New York, in 1848, and educated at the Albany Academy and the law department of Union College. He taught school, practiced law, and was chosen to the Legislature of New York. He has been a member of the Board of Education in Albany, member of the United States Court of Commissioners on the Alabama Claims, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, President of the National Association of School Superintendents, Superintendent of City Schools in Cleveland, Ohio, ten years President of the University of Illinois, and has written many papers on educational subjects. Commissioner Draper has shown statesmanship in educational affairs, a quality native to him, but developed by his legislative experience and his intimate contact with eminent men, such as General Grant, President Arthur, Roscoe Conkling, and James G. Blaine. Sound judgment, uncommon sense, high integrity, and courage are the qualities most conspicuous in his character. A fine sense of humor, but not so fine as to be lost on an audience, salts his addresses, and gives them a relish that some others, whose thought is perhaps as good, wholly lack. He is a natural leader, whose leadership is toward large and wholesome things. He is trusted, and one never holds a mental reservation when listening to him. Probably no man in the country has done more to discourage the pettiness of the pedagogue than he, and no one more to hearten the teaching body. The charming, cheering personality of Commissioner Draper is a distinct force in our public education.

Another name of distinction is that of Dr. James M. Greenwood, Superintendent of Schools in Kansas City, Missouri. For more than a third of a century he has been the most prominent educational figure in the Missouri Valley. No other American schoolmaster has received more honors from fellow-teachers than has this vigorous veteran. He has declined frequent offers of other honorable and lucrative positions in the educational world, and in business circles also, and his long-continued official connection with the National Educational Association attests the esteem he enjoys.

Superintendent Greenwood has broad sympathies, generous impulses, extended learning, and rare common sense. He

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knows men and understands movements. Knowing what to avoid as well as what to approach, he never attempts a line of effort in which he does not succeed. In his management of schools he has the hearty support of the rank and file of teachers and of the public. When issues are raised by designing persons, they discover the strength of the man and the confidence reposed in him. His estimate of the worth of men and women is practically correct. He knows whom to trust, and he trusts implicitly. He is true, frank, and steadfast; and his personality inspires those who are selected to carry out his principles and policies. A great source of his strength is the fact that he always subordinates himself to rightly constituted authority. He keeps himself in harmony with his Board of Education. The members of that organization understand him and support him, and he seeks to profit officially by their touch with community life.

EDWIN GILBERT COOLEY
Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, Illinois

Superintendent Greenwood is an attractive speaker. Hardly a week elapses that he is not urged to meet teachers in some part of the United States, and to advise concerning the broad principles of method as well as the details of classroom work. Many people now prominent in American schools are indebted to this prince of educators for that stimulation and guidance which enabled them to work out their praiseworthy careers.

In the foremost rank of American educators is Dr. William T. Harris, now United States Commissioner of Education. Born in New England, he entered Yale College in 1854, and studied there two and a half years. Becoming dissatisfied, he left, and went to St. Louis, where shortly after his arrival he was elected to the principalship of a ward school. He now turned his attention to the natural sciences. Setting up his own laboratory and telescope, he gave some of his leisure hours to these and to astronomical calculations.

Ever since St. Louis became a city proper, many refining influences have existed there in a proportionate blending of cultivated minds representing the New Englanders, the best element in Southern society, a strong streak of the vivacious French, and a decided coloring of the best that Germany has transported to America. Such influences as these, touching the sensitive nature of William T. Harris, made him a citizen of the world. Here also he came under the spell of art and philosophy, and recognized round about him in St. Louis the civilized world in miniature; he saw clearly all that constitutes the foundation of our modern civilization and makes either men or nations great.

Here, then, he took up the problems of life and mind, as manifested in knowing, feeling, and willing. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" had just made its appearance. The young schoolmaster in St. Louis questioned many of Spencer's fundamental positions, wrote a critique of his doctrines, and sent it to the "Atlantic Monthly." When it was politely returned with a cool expression of thanks, Mr. Harris determined to be heard, and so, in 1867, he founded the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy," the first journal of its kind in the English language. While carrying forward his studies he was promoted from principal to assistant superintendent, and then to the superintendency, which he occupied for twelve years. Having devoted nearly twenty-three years to the schools of St. Louis, he retired in 1880.

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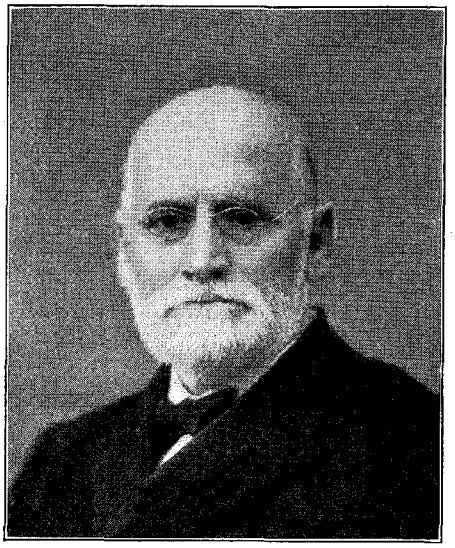
During his term of service he had introduced the kindergarten as a part of the public school system, its beginning as such in America. His official reports are models of thoroughness. More than thirty years ago he worked out an elaborate system of "nature study for the St. Louis schools," which laid the foundation for all the efforts of later years in that direction. His appointment as United States Commissioner of Education was made in 1889.



DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS
United States Commissioner of Education

Dr. Harris's fame is even higher in Europe than in America. The inspiration of his life is felt among school men the world over. In education and philosophy he stands where Stein, Pitt, Gladstone, and Bismarck stood in statesmanship.

Another who has long been prominent as a leader in State and National educational associations is Dr. Charles M. Jordan. The public school system of Minneapolis has been under his supervision during the past fourteen years. To the outside observer Superintendent Jordan appears as a man of affairs, keeping himself in touch with the progress of educational ideas and methods. He knows both business men and educational leaders, and so secures public support for himself; he appropriates for his schools the new phases of educational methods as they appear, even at the risk of sometimes allowing what takes the disproportionate importance of the fad. His good judgment of men serves him in selecting an excellent, up-to-date corps of instructors. He is simple and straightforward in his aim that the schools shall have good teachers, working in harmony. Looked at from the inside—the professional side—Dr. Jordan does not assume to have mastered all the details of his system, either in practice or in philosophy. He has been satisfied to use his safer ability in selecting men and women whose own judgment and experience he may trust rather than those who would promise to represent his personal views and theories; and having selected trustworthy leaders, whether as supervisors or as principals, he allows them the freedom they deserve, while held responsible for practical results. He is always approachable, can listen to adverse views without irritation, and can speak in frank and friendly spirit to those whose record he does not approve. He is not without opposers of himself and his administration, but his teachers as a body confide in him, and regard him as the teacher's friend.

DR. ELIPHALET ORAM LYTE
Principal of the First State Normal School, Millersville, Pa.

Dr. Eliphalet Oram Lyte, Principal of the First State Normal School at Mil-

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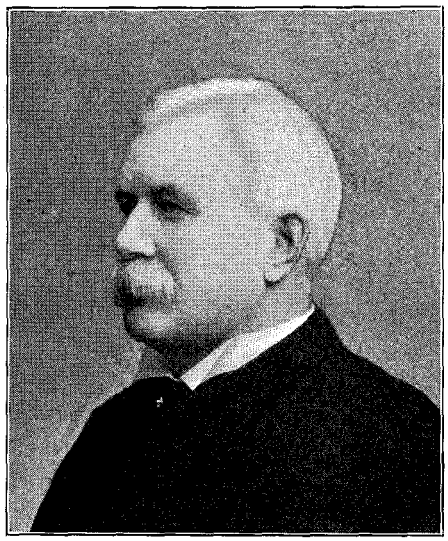
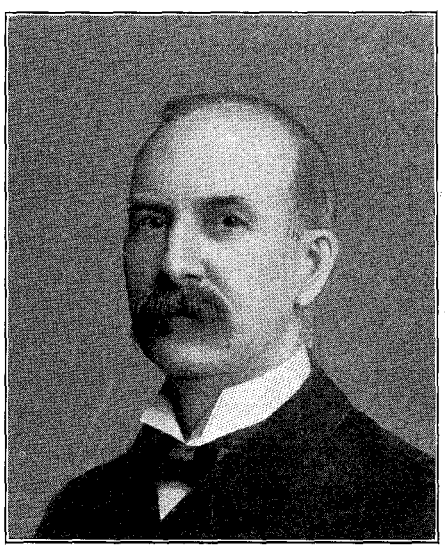
lersville, Pennsylvania, has always resided in his native county of Lancaster. During the Civil War he served with distinction in the ranks and as an officer in a battery of light artillery, receiving a wound at the battle of Chancellorsville from which he has never fully recovered. After graduating in 1868 from the State Normal School at Millersville, Pennsylvania, he became a member of its faculty, and has served it ever since, becoming its Principal in 1887. His chief work for the common schools has been done through this institution, which he has developed to the great advantage of the public schools within the range of its influence, to whose advancement he has given intense energy and devotion. Dr. Lyte has been eminently successful as an author of textbooks, and also as a lecturer on educational and literary subjects. He has given generously of his time and strength in various responsible offices connected with the State and National educational organization. He was President of the National Educational Association in 1899, and has long been a leader in its councils. He is a man of unusually pleasing personality, who wins friends easily, and holds them through the respect they have for his marked ability and the affection he inspires by his generous devotion to the public service. Dr. Lyte is beloved and respected by his associates and pupils, and has sent many hundreds into the teaching work imbued with his own earnestness, sincerity, and devotion to the highest ideals in the work of education. His love for the work of training teachers has led him to decline offers of more lucrative positions that he might work out his ideals in his chosen field, in which he has won National distinction.



DR. ANDREW SLOAN DRAPER
Commissioner of Education of the State of New York



DR. CHARLES M. JORDAN
Superintendent of Schools, Minneapolis, Minn.

In the Southern States there is no man better entitled to be called a champion of the public schools, and of the whole idea of popular education, than Charles Duncan McIver, of North Carolina. Dr. McIver was graduated with distinction from the University of North Carolina in 1881. His first work was done in private schools, but even while there engaged he was fighting for the establishment of an adequate public school system. In the early nineties he made a notable campaign for education in North Carolina, and for the establishment of North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro. When this was accomplished, he was chosen its President, and has built it up from the beginning to its present strong position among the notable normal

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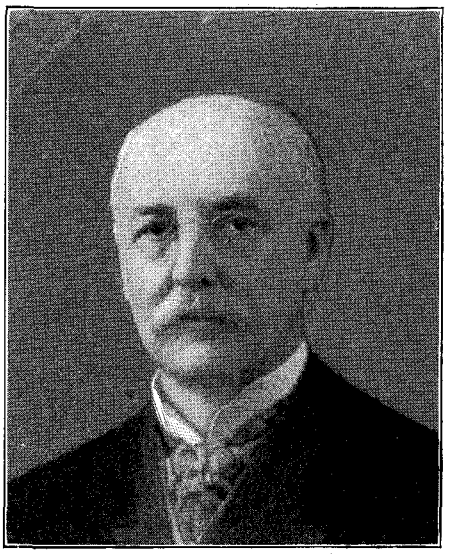
DR. F. LEWIS SOLDAN
Superintendent of Public Instruction, St. Louis, Mo.



DR. WILLIAM H. MAXWELL
Superintendent of Schools, New York City

schools of our country. He is a man of intense earnestness, energy, insight, and common sense. For the past twenty years his voice has been raised in behalf of popular education, not only in every county of his own State, but throughout the South and in great National assemblies. There is no abler speaker on this subject than Dr. McIver. He has been the soul of the forward movement in his region, and he is now Chairman of the Campaign Committee inaugurated by the Southern Education Board for the promotion of universal education.

Among educational leaders who have wrought effectively for the evolution of the new from the old, in the advancement of the ideals and methods of our public schools, the merit of William Henry Maxwell, Ph.D., Superintendent of Schools in New York, is conspicuous. A native of Ireland and a graduate of Queen's College, Galway, Mr. Maxwell, after two years' service as instructor in English at Victoria College, Belfast, came hither in 1874, and began to teach at Brooklyn in night schools. In 1882, when thirty years of age, he became Assistant Superintendent, and in 1887 Superintendent of Schools in Brooklyn. His successful management and his books for elementary and advanced pupils in English grammar increased the reputation which, in 1898, secured his appointment to his present office after the consolidation of the five boroughs in the greater city. The impediments which Dr. Maxwell's administration has here inevitably encountered he has met and surmounted with a judgment and an energy that have generally won the support of intelligent students of the problems involved.

A name well known in Iowa and adjacent States is that of President Seerley, of the State Normal School at Cedar Falls, Iowa. Mr. Seerley graduated from the State University in 1873, and at once commenced teaching at Oskaloosa, where he remained for eleven years. In 1886 he assumed his present office at Cedar Falls. Under his administration the State Normal School has made notable progress, until, in the character of its faculty and in its equipments and appliances, it ranks as one of the most complete in the Northwest. His rare executive ability enables him to manage men, and to inspire confidence, especially among those in public life.

President Seerley is not an eloquent man, yet he speaks readily, often without notes, and leaves with his audience the impression of a man who has a message for them. His character is that of a strong, progressive man, who hates all shams, and who studies his problems

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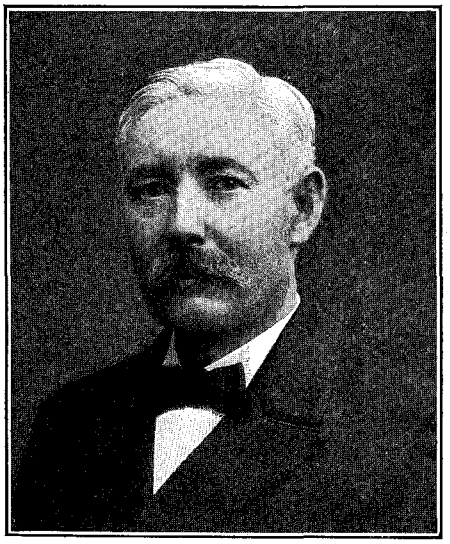
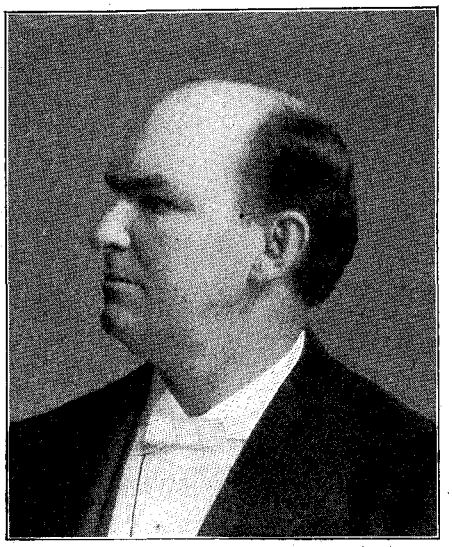


DR. JAMES M. GREENWOOD
Superintendent of Schools, Kansas City, Mo.



DR. CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER
President of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro

from the real side of life. By his untiring efforts, aided by an able faculty, the members of which have come to regard their position as permanent, he has made the Normal School a power in the State.

Fortunate in having had such a Superintendent as Dr. Harris, St. Louis is fortunate in now having such a man as Dr. F. Louis Soldan for its Superintendent of Public Instruction. His genial nature stimulates the confidence of all who meet him, and his catholic sympathies go out to all with whom he is associated. To a charming personal address is added the skill of a convincing public speaker. A memory that summons to quick response the information gathered from extensive reading and practical experience acts as the ready servant of a logical habit of mind. A tireless industry keeps all these faculties in busy use.

When Dr. Soldan became Superintendent, he was careful to recognize the good work already established, and to make this the foundation on which to build. He took into his counsel the whole body of teachers, and secured their enthusiastic co-operation in the common aim. The charter creating his office gave it a power that was thought by some to be a menace to the teaching corps, and an invasion of rights that should have been reserved to the Board of Education. Within the first year the corps of teachers felt sure of justice in his judgments, and as the years have multiplied the Board of Education turn more and more to him as a wise administrator and counselor. He has fought for or against principles, and not for or against individuals, and in all his work there has been no evidence of a self-regarding motive when public service was under consideration. Ten years of Dr. Soldan's administration have made history for the schools of St. Louis.

To the foregoing names, among which large sections of the country find no representative, many more of equal distinction might be added. If, for instance, no name appears here from New England, our earliest and greatest nursery of teachers, one has only to recall that when in 1900 the need came to transplant the American school system to the virgin soil of the Philippines, the man chosen to organize the work was Dr. Fred W. Atkinson, Superintendent of Schools in Springfield, Massachusetts. It is enough for the present purpose to have exhibited a single leaf of the voluminous record, with its specimens of the many who behind the scenes of the public stage are performing the highest public service in laying the foundations of virtue, intelligence, and power.

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Republican Education[1]

By Charles William Eliot

President of Harvard University

A FRIEND warned me this morning that I had better define my subject at the start lest it be understood to have some political signification. His advice reminded me of an experience I had eight or ten years ago, when I gave before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Cambridge an address on "The Working of the American Democracy," which was printed next morning in some of the Boston newspapers. Two friends of mine meeting in the street, one asked, "Have you read Eliot's address on 'The American Democracy' this morning?" "Read it?" replied the other; "no, indeed! I'm a Republican." Now, the meaning of my subject is this: Education in a republic in the Latin sense—that is, in a commonwealth; education for the sole benefit of the individual citizens of a true commonwealth.

I think that republican education in this sense may naturally differ in several respects from imperial education, or monarchical education, or education under any form of government which cannot justly be described as a commonwealth. You remember the remark of Mr. Robert Low—an intense conservative as regards the suffrage—when the great enlargement of the English suffrage took place. "Now," said he, "we must educate our masters." In other words, if the common people are to vote, they had better be enabled to read and reason. Voters who hold power ought to be able to think. Now, that is not the fundamental motive of what I mean by republican education. That the common people exercise political power is a reason, but not the reason, for educating them.

In governments under which the military organization by land and sea is the most important part of governmental business, it has often been alleged that the justifying object of popular education is to train intelligent soldiers. The man behind the gun must be intelligent and skillful so that he may learn to use well the instruments of precision with which twentieth-century warfare is conducted. Since there must be millions of soldiers, let the common people be trained so as to furnish intelligent soldiers. It is true, indeed, that the nation which relapses into the savagery called war will in these days profit by trained intelligence in its soldiers; but that again is not the fundamental motive of what I mean by republican education. That is by no means the ultimate object of popular education in a commonwealth.

Again, I cannot accept what I may call the industrial motive in education as the primary one. We must have intelligently organized industries; we must have masses of laborers co-operating intelligently; machinery improves, and needs more and more skill in its management; let us, then, educate the common people, that we may have intelligent operatives. It is obvious that agriculture, mining, manufacturing, and transportation, and all the crafts and arts, demand an ever-increasing degree of intelligence and skill in managers, foremen, and workmen alike; but this fact supplies only a secondary motive and not the primary motive for universal education.

What, then, is the real object of genuine republican education? To my thinking, it is the discovery and development of the inborn capacities and powers of each individual, and the increase, through increased efficiency and serviceableness, of his happiness, of his enjoyment of the solid, human satisfactions—health, productive labor, and social and domestic life. The commonwealth, in all provisions for education, should incessantly regard the individual. It should seek to discover every gifted individual, to lift him out of the ordinary mass, and to give

[1] An address delivered before the Schoolmasters' Association of New York, December 10, 1904.

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him free play for his powers. It should seek to diversify as much as possible the average children, giving each the advantage of any special capacity, however small. It should try to quicken the dull and defective by special methods and appliances. Its object should be to increase the efficiency of each unit, and therefore of the whole mass. The public power should promote individual efficiency.

Efficiency is the great source of private happiness and of public prosperity—the exercise of power intelligently and with enjoyment. Is not that true of the life of every person here? Do we not all get our real satisfactions through efficiency, including, of course, in efficiency its condition, physical and moral health, and its results, productiveness and serviceableness? Is not our own personal healthy efficiency in labor and service the groundwork of our content with life?

Next, how may school, academy, college, university, trade, business, or profession promote this efficiency of the individual which promises happiness and the continuous development of each individual as he goes on through life? You will observe at once that I have in mind, not the ordinary definition of education as the process of a school which keeps the child until it is thirteen or fourteen years old, nor even that training process which ends at eighteen, or even at twenty-five. By republican education I mean an education which lasts through life. Of course we all understand that the public school systems and the universities of the United States are taking more and more cognizance of that continued education which the adult may pursue. By evening schools, trade schools, correspondence schools, Chautauquas, book clubs, public libraries, and free lecture courses, education is prolonged, and the school-houses become active social centers all day long. In this new work New York sets an admirable example.

In this training of the individual for his highest efficiency there is a fundamental thing to be done in order to make him a productive and happy worker. There is always one essential process at the bottom of it all—namely, the development of the individual's will-power, intelligently motived. Is not that the fundamental thing in the education that lasts through life? I believe that the will-power of a child, a youth, a man, can be developed only in freedom—through the exercise of the will in freedom—under motives which spring from within himself and are not imposed on him from without. This doctrine is not consistent with many of the theories which in the past, and particularly before the nineteenth century, controlled education; but if I am right in believing that the training of the will is the principal thing in education, then the implicit obedience theory is wrong; then the earlier but still surviving theory of breaking the will is wrong; then the military system in education is wrong, for the essence of the military system is the automatic subjection of the will of the individual to the command of his superior; then every system must be wrong which imposes opinions, practices, or habits without enlisting the will of the individual in convinced co-operation.

Assuming for the moment that we should try to train the will-power of the individual throughout education, what are the chief things that we ought to induce the child, the youth, the man, to do?

In the first place, we ought to make him think. It is extraordinary how many processes in modern education can be gone through with by a child or youth without any thinking to speak of. Committing to memory, for example, does not involve what I mean by thinking; and yet committing to memory makes by far the greater part of schooling. I used to take it for granted that in laboratory work there must be thought on the part of the worker; but by a few years' experience I learnt that, with the help of a manual, and an assistant at call, there is possible for the pupil in a laboratory a mechanical process which really does not develop much thought. It may develop some skill in manipulation and some sense of orderly proceeding; it will probably develop some accuracy in making a record; but real thinking—that is, reflection and reasoning by the pupil himself—may be avoided in labora-

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tory work almost as well as it can be avoided in using a dictionary. To think, to draw the exact inference from given facts, to deduce the logical conclusion from established premises, is the thing that we ought to begin to teach the child as soon as it can talk, and to continue to teach the youth and the man by example, by patient explanation, and by persevering illustration. We shall never succeed in that undertaking by using any form of compulsion or external pressure. We can make a child commit to memory, or imitate our mental processes and our utterances, through its fear of punishment; but we cannot make him think by any such means. The thinking process must spring from within and be motived from within. The pupil's own will must be brought into play; he must see in the process something of interest or profit for himself. In child or adult, thinking involves willing.

Secondly, we want the individual under training to give, and to acquire the habit of giving, concentrated attention. It is almost impossible to develop that habit in the individual through an external compulsion—through fear of bodily pain, for instance, or of any other punishment. That is the old-fashioned way of trying to do it; but when did it ever succeed? There is no way of imparting to, or driving into, a child the faculty of concentrated attention; every individual must win it for himself by the strong working of his own will, with or without the co-operation of parent or teacher. There is no good work in the world, mechanical or intellectual, that is not the result of persistent attention compelled by the will of the worker. Slavery is always a crude, unproductive, and wasteful industrial method. The cotton crop to-day in the Southern States surpasses many fold the crop under slavery; because the slave had no will to work. He had a mind to avoid work, not to work. It being true, then, of all forms of productive labor that the co-operation of the worker's will is essential to any high degree of success, a nation's schools and universities can best serve the national industries and activities by developing in each pupil or student individual will-power and personal initiative.

Liberty is essential to the development of this will-power in the individual. It is just as true of an individual as of a nation that only through the practice of freedom can the lessons of freedom be learned. Mistakes will, of course, be made by the free agent, whether child or man, but he must learn by his own mistakes. We should never have taught Cuba how to be free if we had undertaken to rule Cuba from Washington; but now the Cubans are taking real lessons in the modes and methods of popular liberty. Exactly the same doctrine applies throughout education, with the advantage that the mistakes that young people make at school and college are much more easily remedied than those made later out in the world. In Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" it clearly appears that Oxford University was very dear to Mr. Gladstone; and yet he says explicitly, and more than once, that Oxford never taught him to have faith in liberty. Could there be a more crushing criticism of a university than that? Could there be a heavier criticism of any school than this—my school never taught me how to be free? Republican education, in the first place, must teach the citizens of the republic how to will in freedom, and how to work successfully through the exercise of their own powers directed by their own active wills.

But there are all kinds of wills—some strong, others weak; some good, others bad; some generally used to good ends, others sometimes used to bad ends. Therefore we must distinguish. We must say that the will which republican education should and can develop in almost all its children and youth is the will used to good ends, and particularly good will in labor and in society. There is no good work in this world that is not willing work. Willing is just the word for all good service. The willing mechanic, trader, professional man, surgeon, doctor, cook, or nurse, is the only kind we ever wish to employ. Everybody wants the worker with good will. This good will, if we could only get it in all the labor of the community—professional, mechanical, industrial, and commercial—would increase beyond the power of imagination the productiveness

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and the general efficiency of the nation. The chief objection to the trades-union is that it has developed a method of preventing its members from working with good will—good will toward the employer and the consumer, good will for the accomplishment of as large a task as possible in the time set for labor. In this regard trades-unionism exerts an adverse influence on the national efficiency and the national character. Quite unnecessarily, and very unfortunately, its good will is limited to its membership, or even to the uniformly obedient in its membership.

We come now to the third thing which republican education should teach every child and make natural to every adult—the habit of voluntary co-operation. The trained strength of the individual will is not all; it must be strong to work with and serve others. Good will towards others puts limits on individual freedom, the individual consenting. The efficiency of an army is supposed to depend on the absolute obedience to orders which enables the general to throw ten thousand men together against the breastwork on yonder hill, across slopes covered with wire tangles and swept by showers of bullets. The men do not want to go; they dread wounds and death; they must go. The ten thousand wills are subject to one will, even unto death. Such is not the goal of republican education, although republicans are quite as capable as other people of submitting themselves on occasion to that fierce discipline. Despotism is essential in an army, but liberty in a republic. And yet, is life individualistic in modern republican society? Is work individual in modern industries? Is the individual free to act his own will in any modern community independently of his neighbors? By no means! The very opposite is true. Industrial, commercial, and political life is only to be carried on by combinations of many men working to common ends. Nearly two thousand years ago it was said, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," and truer word was never uttered; but the doctrine is much more deeply and widely applicable to-day than when it was first taught. The mutual dependence of all members of society increases; far from diminishing, it increases. All of us are more dependent, not only on our neighbors, but on men and women ten thousand miles away, than our predecessors were in the first half of the nineteenth century, and this mutual dependence is constantly increasing. I live in summer in an island community which twenty-five years ago was almost sufficient to itself, deriving from its own labor, on the ocean and its own soil, its own necessaries of life. But now they raise no wheat, and very little grain of any sort; they have ceased to cut the wool off their own sheep, spin it on their own wheels, and then weave it on their own looms. They import nearly everything they wear or eat; in short, within twenty-five years they have passed from a remarkable independence to the common dependence on remote producers. In this great city everybody is abjectly dependent on others for food, drink, fuel, clothes, and shelter. And this is true of all civilized communities. We are bound together in indissoluble bonds. Therefore there must still be leaders, and they must be followed. There must be great combinations of men for carrying on complicated productive processes, with much division of labor and responsibility and many grades of service. Amid all these dependencies and these powerful combinations what chance remains for the play of the individual will, however strong and well trained? There remains the freedom to choose among leaders, to choose a service, and to determine the kind of service the individual will render, generous or grudging, high-minded or mean, enlarging or shrinking, as life goes on. Republican education should teach the true principle and method of combining men for a common purpose. It should teach, not implicit obedience, not complete surrender of the individual will to that of a leader or commander, but the principle of voluntary co-operation for a common end and of voluntary service for love and good will. That was said in perfect form nearly two thousand years ago—"Bear ye one another's burdens"—not slavishly, but freely and nobly. The republican teachers may

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now add, Let the children see the necessity of bearing one another's burdens. Let the children learn from their earliest years what co-operation means in the family, in the home, and in the school. Let them see it and feel it for themselves, not as a principle imposed by authority, but as a natural and universal process. Of course you cannot do that to a baby; but you can begin when the child is three or four years old to induce in the child co-operation, the voluntary combining with the other children in the house, with the father and mother, with the friends that come in, with the other children on the floor of the kindergarten. You can begin early and never cease to teach the process of voluntary co-operation, which is the substitute in a republic for unreasoning obedience to orders. For instance, it is necessary in a large school that, at a signal, all the children should rise simultaneously and march somewhither. It makes all the difference in the world in the effect on the individual will if the child sees just why it is necessary for the children to rise all together and move away. The wrong spirit is what I may describe as the military spirit in a school; the right spirit is the thoroughgoing co-operative spirit for a motive seen. This spirit justifies self-effacement and self-sacrifice as no other spirit really does.

The habit of voluntary co-operation for a common object is, then, the thing which we reasonably desire every individual under training in a republic to learn. To think, to attend closely, and to co-operate require will-power in the individual; so that the most essential thing in education is the training of the will to vigorous and considerate action. The weak-willed child, or youth, or man, is the one who is in danger of harm.

This I believe to be the fundamental difference between republican education and education under forms of government which make more of authority and less of freedom.

Therefore I urge that at every grade of education, from the first to the last—and the last will come only at death—and in every form of education, the purpose of developing, training, and reinforcing the individual will should always be kept in view, and the effort should be incessant to implant the principle of voluntary co-operation.

Wanderer's Song

By Clinton Scollard

There will be, when I come home, through the hill-gap in the west,
The friendly smile of the sun on the fields that I love best;
The red-topped clover here, and the white-whorled daisy there,
And the bloom of the wilding briar that attars the upland air;
There will be bird-mirth sweet—(mellower none may know!)—
The flute of the wild wood-thrush, the call of the vireo;
Pleasant gossip of the leaves, and from the dawn to the gloam
The lyric laughter of brooks there will be when I come home.

There will be, when I come home, the kindliness of the earth—
Ah, how I love it all, bounteous breadth and girth!
The very sod will say—tendril, fiber, and root—
"Here is our foster-child, he of the wandering foot.
Welcome! welcome!" And, lo! I shall pause at a gate ajar
That the leaning lilacs shade, where the honeysuckles are;
I shall see the open door—O farer over the foam,
The ease of this hunger of heart there will be when I come home!

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Two American Educators

By John H. Finley

President of the College of the City of New York

I HAVE been asked to write of the service of two men, both of whom are University Presidents, both of whom, it seemed for a little time, had completed their work, and both of whom now, with an even clearer vision and doubtless an even better sense of values, as they who have had their day of the transfiguration of things, are taking up their work again.

These two men are excellent representatives of the two types of the American University President, of the two species of the genus which is indigenous and peculiar to American life. The one, Dr. Angell, is the head of an institution established and supported by the public out of its own treasuries; the other, Dr. Harper, is president of a like institution but of private founding and maintenance. Perhaps I ought to say two classes, instead of types or species, for, after all, a president may pass from one to the other of these institutions. And a difference in the source of life or support does not necessarily import a difference in generic characteristics, especially as both publicly and privately endowed universities have a common object and are both public in their purpose and service. Yet there is undoubtedly a more conscious and anxious concern for the immediate and direct good to the public in the one than in the other, and this differing concern is likely to determine the survival and evolution of the differing types of presidents who in a sense become the institution's spirit incorporate. The scientific discovery by a Western college professor of a means of inoculating the chinch-bug with a fatal disease, and thus saving millions of bushels of wheat, was a better recommendation of that professor to a public than a private university presidency. And this I say not in derogation of the public university president. I mean only that it is demanded of him that he shall be, if not less eager and industrious in accumulating the wealth of truth, at any rate more thoughtful of its distribution and practical application. The consequence is that the public university president is by natural selection likely to be or become a more thorough democrat in temperament and educational policy. He is for the many.

I have been rather widely and erroneously reported to have made some invidious remarks concerning the contemporary university president. I have only admiration for him, and have never consciously said a word in his dispraise. To be sure, he is, as a rule, more a man of affairs than his official forebear, the old college president; he often is not a classical scholar; he is usually more concerned about "temporalities" than was his theologically trained predecessor; in many instances he has the parts of a railroad president rather than those of the cloistered student. He is better classed as a publicist than as a pedagogue in most cases—as a leader of men than as an educator of boys. If our people were asked to vote for the "first private citizen" of this country (excepting the ex-President of the United States), the largest number of votes would fall, in my opinion, to a certain university president. And it is often prophesied that the first official citizen will some day be the successor of that first private citizen in his academic office. Indeed, the office of university president has well-nigh ceased to be "academic" in the general public service of such incumbents as Eliot, Wilson, Hadley, Angell, Butler, White, Schurman, Jordan, Wheeler, Alderman, Andrews, and a score or more of others who might very properly be named in association with these.

To this magnifying of the office of university president, the two men whom I have named, and of whom I am to speak further, have contributed most of all the university presidents between the mountains; and it is there, in that great Mississippi Valley, that most progress

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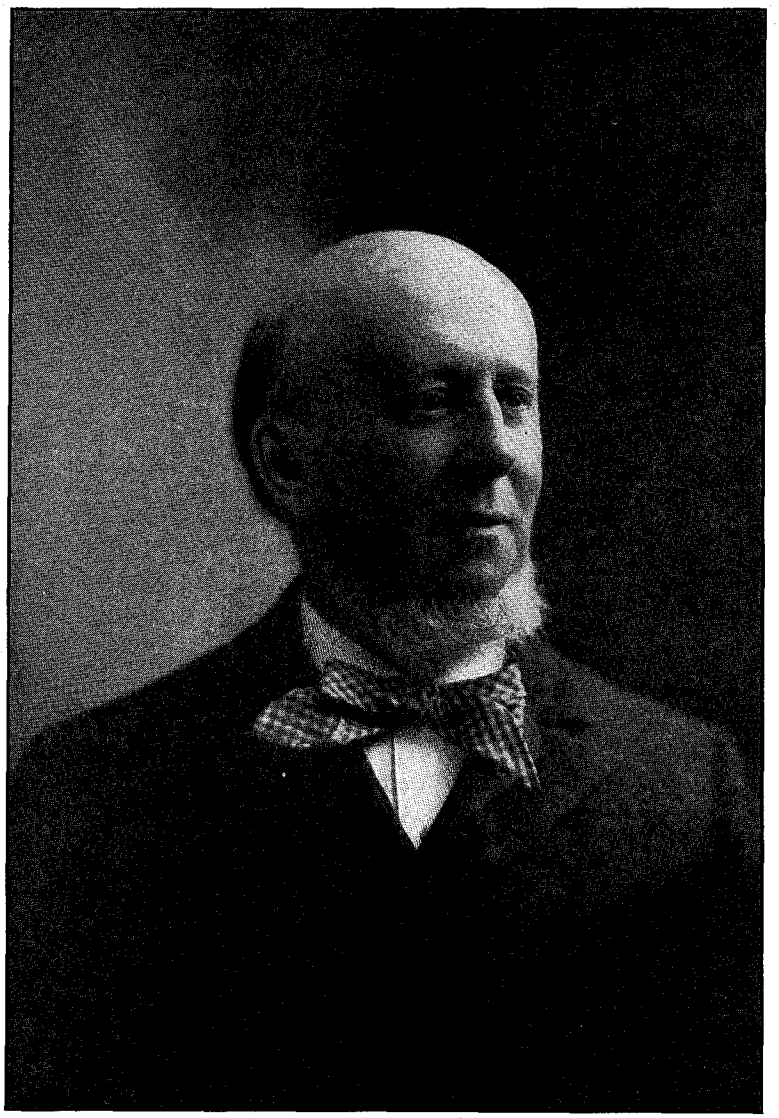
has been made in matters educational in the decades of their service.

On a hot summer's day, fourteen years ago, in a Chicago street that was reeking with smoke and disagreeable odors, I met the then new president of the then new, or resurrected, University of Chicago, making his first canvass of Chicago wealth and interest to meet the hard conditions of the first Chicago gift to the nominal university. Out of the smoke and grime and odors and heat which enveloped and oppressed the bespectacled, sturdy professor of Hebrew that day, the substance of the thing hoped for has risen. He was as one of the ancient Hebrew prophets to whose writings he had given so much study.



PRESIDENT ANGELL

Like Nehemiah, he was not to be discouraged by the unfavorable opinions of those who looked on, or the untoward conditions. He had his vision which others could not then see. And it has been materially realized to the vision of all now. There have been secured many millions of dollars, and these have

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become transmuted. But, great as the labor and achievement of gathering this amount have been, this has been but the smaller part of his service. There was the name of a defunct institution when he went from Yale to Chicago a short time before that summer's day; there was enough money to start another college; and there were, besides that, only a few stones collected for the first building. He did what Deucalion is said by tradition to have done, when he restored mankind to the earth again—he cast the stones behind him and they have sprung into life. For he has been the "creator" of an institution. Its title carries as a sub-title the name of its "founder," but, whatever the nominal founder's contribution of building and book and crucible, of salary and wage, it is all as the stones of the Deucalion myth or the dry bones of the valley of Ezekiel. The real founder is the man who put the life into the stones and bones. And whatever the value of that life is, it is not to be questioned that it is what it is by reason chiefly of that individual mind and heart which turned its thought and desire away from the exclusive contemplation of ancient prophecies to the fulfillment of some modern hopes, and which remembered, doubtless, that Artaxerxes of Babylon and his counselors gave freely of their gold and silver at the solicitation of Ezra, the Hebrew scribe, to the rebuilding of the temple.

I have tried by elimination to arrive at the value of that service. I remember what Michelangelo is made to say to Benvenuto: "When anything is done, people see not the patient doing of it, nor think how great would be the loss to man if it had not been done." I have tried to think what the loss would be to the West if that patient doing had been omitted, if this University had not been developed as a center of learning of research and of graduate teaching. Another denominational college, as was at first planned, would have increased the denominator, possibly, without increasing the numerator. And its loss would not have been serious. But if such men as have been gathered there under the plan conceived by President Harper had been left in their narrower fields (and most of their fields would have been narrower), not only would learning generally have suffered, but the higher educational progress of the West would undoubtedly have been retarded. For there has been a stimulus of interest in higher education not alone in the immediate proximity of this body of scholars; the whole West, so far as I can learn, has been stirred by it, and its influences are felt even in the East. I remember the fears of the friends of a certain college in the West, not far remote from Chicago, at the time of the rapid development of the University of Chicago. It was thought that the growth of the latter menaced the college's progress, if not its existence. But the result has been the very opposite. The college has grown in strength and numbers, not despite the University, but, as I believe, in some good measure because of it. The appearance out upon the prairies of wise men from the East, as many of them were, was a new proclamation of the value of the gifts they carried. Their coming dignified, too, the scholarship they found there and the occupations into which university training led men. The consequence was that a higher education was brought within the horizon of the hopes and ambitions of a larger number of men and women. And they did not all go to the University. Many of them entered a college gate nearer their own homes. Nor were the small private colleges alone helped in their mission. The public was spurred to make a larger and more varied provision for higher education. There has been a marvelous growth of two or three State universities not far from Chicago in the last few years, and I believe that it has been stimulated and made possible in a considerable degree by the efficient example of the University of Chicago. It is one of the services of private philanthropy to discover a need or to demonstrate a practicable way of meeting a need. This university helped to do both. The State is availing of the lesson. This has been the broad service of the short life of the University, which is coincident with that of its president—this and the fact that the standards of scholarships have been unquestionably raised by the lofty ideals of the faculties gathered in this institution.

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But there have been many secondary contributions. This University, unhampered of tradition as well as untrammeled of any interference by donors (for, as President Harper has stated in his decennial report, "no donor of funds to the University has ever by a single word or act indicated his dissatisfaction with the instruction given to students in the University or with the public expression of opinion by an officer of the University," nor, in his opinion, has such donor, individual, or State "a right before God or man to interfere with the teaching of officers appointed to give instruction in a university"), has adopted methods and programmes of study in violation of the policies and practices made sacred by age in the older universities. There is the practically continuous session, the shortened course and the lengthened course, the sharp distinction between the work of the first two years and the last two years, the segregation of the sexes in an institution that is coeducational, the organization of distinct colleges within the University, the affiliation with the University of colleges outside of it, the close articulation with preparatory schools, the extension of some of the University privileges to the multitude beyond. These are chiefly plans to avoid the wastes in education or use its by-products, but they all contribute to the evolution of a great circle of graduate faculties in which all the knowledges have representation. It is an admirable mechanism; sometimes it seems to one who looks on that there is too much machinery. It would be, for a less able master.

Of the personal side it is more difficult to speak, because the spirit which has devised this mechanism and infused it with life is not easily assessed in itemized values. There is the tremendous worker, whose equal as such I do not know, and who yet knows how to play; there is the unmagnetic speaker, who is yet one of the most forceful of debaters; there is the man deeply interested in the affairs of to-day, who is also a genuinely great scholar in the language and literature and life of an ancient people; there is the masterful, resourceful executive, who is above all things a teacher. I have seen audiences grow restless under his formal addresses, but I have seen other audiences stirred by his informal discussions, and I have seen hundreds, thousands even, sit intent by the hour while he lectured about Amos, Jonah, Obadiah, or some other minor or major prophet. He has been caricatured as a great beggar (and I remember my own sin); he is praised as a great executive (and I join in that praise); but he deserves to be remembered first of all as a great teacher. I have been told that on the day which might have been his last (and was likely to be) he met his class as usual; and it has by chance come to me that one of his last acts before his recent serious operation was to give a lad very dear to him a lesson in arithmetic. He said to me more than once in the first decade of his administration that if he had to give up the presidency or his teaching, he would prefer to yield the presidency.

It is this attitude toward the office of teacher that has helped to make him so successful as a president; for, ideally, the university president is but the master-professor—the teacher who "sits before" his fellow-teachers. President Harper has not only magnified the office of university president; he has magnified, too, the office of university professor.

And all his work as president and professor has not prevented his enriching the scholarship of his own field of study. What the contribution has been is not for one who is ignorant of that subject to estimate; but certainly it seems very considerable, and is so attested by those who do know. Illustrative of this work is a volume on "Amos and Hosea," which has just come from the press; and may the light hold out till the others he has in contemplation are finished!

There are but two or three segments of the great circle drawn by his hand to represent the purposes of the University which have not yet been "filled in;" but the arc has been drawn, and its demand will some day be met, no one can doubt. The compulsion of the completed circumference is there.

I have spoken of President Angell as a representative—and he is the first and best representative—of the public uni-

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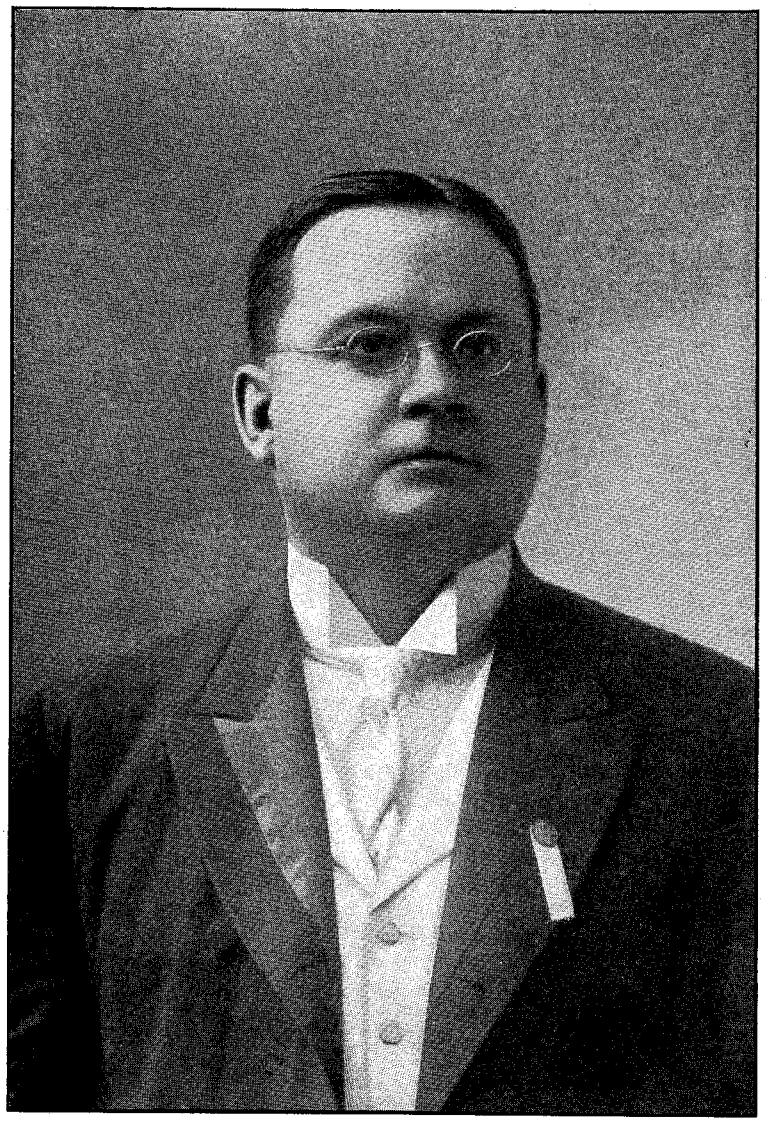
versity type. I have in a general way intimated the characteristics of that type. It would be a fortunate thing if all the characteristics of this particular representative could attach to all of the type. democracy is doing out of her own treasuries for the higher education of her children as the best token of her high-mindedness and the surest pledge of her progress to better things.



PRESIDENT HARPER

Dr. Angell is, I should say, the democratic ideal realized, as nearly as that may be. Indeed, if I were asked to select some one man in our Republic to-day who best exemplified the aspiration and achievement of the demos, I think I should name President Angell, as, moreover, I should point to what

President Angell's genius has not been so distinctly creative as that of President Harper. I can believe that no chapter in the Pentateuch is more interesting to the latter than the first chapter of Genesis—the account of the orderly setting up of the universe. But President Angell's service would find its comfort-

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ing analogue rather in the narrative of the journey, in which the leader got water from a rock, sweetened bitter waters so that people might drink, prayed for the daily manna so that the hungry had but to gather it, and guided them upon the borders of a better land. He has not been a great educational inventor and mechanician, yet the mechanism has grown under his hands until it has become the largest and most complete of its kind. The child in the State of Michigan goes into public school at the kindergarten end, as a roll of white paper into the Hoe perfecting press, and comes out at the university end printed upon every side, bearing impress of the world's knowledge, and carrying it to the enlightenment of hundreds or thousands. The figure is not most apt, except in suggesting the completeness of the machine. If it were not for a mixing of metaphors, I should quote Huxley's oft-quoted definition of the national system of education, with the foot of its ladder in the gutter and the other end of it in the university. In Michigan that definition of the word has been realized in fact, only the foot of the ladder is planted in the furrow more often than in the gutter. What President Angell has done has been to make the ladder continuous, to put the lower rung of the college within reach of every high school graduate in the State, to give him every incentive to climb higher, for the higher education is not to be for the few alone, if democracy is to prosper. Its gifts must be, as once the fields of Michigan were, open to the practically free occupancy of those unsatisfied with their narrow ancestral lot or sterile hillside, as fenceless territory in which men may acquire property in the world's experience and accumulated truth. President Angell in his policy has made it the function of the university to keep the way open to those fields, to make the college and even the graduate and professional school an organic part of the State educational system, in vital relation with every other part. As his political service has been in diplomacy, so has his largest educational service been as ambassador for the university to what were once independent states, bringing them into federation and indissoluble union. That service were enough for one man. But the internal development of his own part of the federation has proceeded with the improvement of the external relations. The single college building is surrounded by its laboratory and library progeny; single courses have grown into departments; departments have become parents of graduate schools; and graduate schools have become allied with the diverse interests of the people again. The real capital of the State is Ann Arbor, and its real head is its University's head.

Among his professional services have been the early organization of courses in pedagogy; the introduction as early as 1878 of the free elective system and of the credit system; and the establishment of the six-year college and professional course. But I do not think he will be remembered for these things. He is not an inventor, yet he has been a leader—a "leader and not a driver," as one has put it. Those who best know what he is and what he has said and done would say that the latter (the "said and done") has been the less important. "His wide culture, his personal kindliness, his catholic intelligence, and his general learning have had quite as much influence as specific words or acts or any university policy." It has been a great thing for the West that it has had such a man near its homes, its shops, and its legislative halls these thirty-five years past. It is a good sign, too, that democracy is unwilling to let him go. His "Œdipus" would still in its ability put to shame the efforts of younger men.

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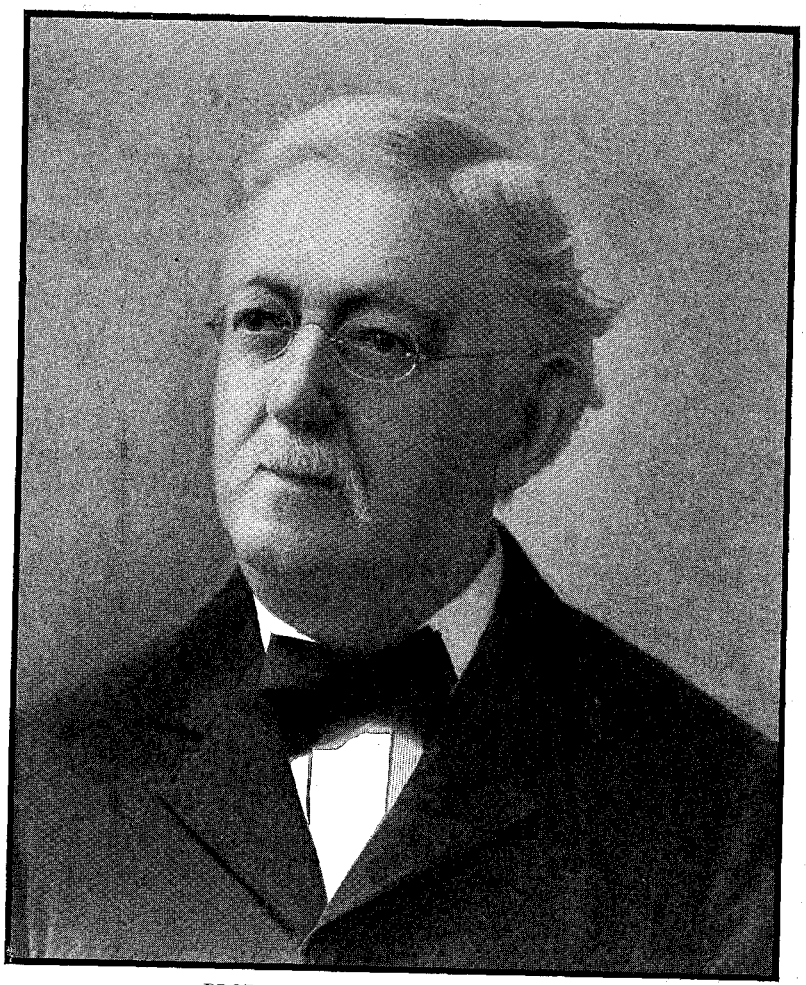

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES ROLFE

William James Rolfe

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

THE "man of one book" (*homo unius libri*) whom St. Thomas Aquinas praised has now pretty nearly vanished from the world; and those men are rare, especially in our versatile America, who have deliberately chosen one department of literary work and pursued it without essential variation up to old age. Of these, Francis Parkman was the most conspicuous representative, and William James Rolfe is perhaps the most noticeable successor—a man who, upon a somewhat lower plane than Parkman, has made for himself a permanent mark in a high region of editorship, akin to that of Furnivall and a few compeers in England. A teacher by profession all his life, his especial sphere has been the English department, a department which he may indeed be said to have created in our public schools, and thus indirectly in our colleges.

William James Rolfe, son of John and Lydia Davis (Moulton) Rolfe, was born on December 10, 1827, in Newburyport,

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Massachusetts, a rural city which has been the home at different times of a number of literary and public men, and is still, by its wide, elm-shaded chief avenue and ocean outlook, found attractive by all visitors. Rolfe's boyhood, however, was mainly passed in Lowell, Massachusetts, where he was fitted for college in the high school. He spent three years at Amherst College, but found himself unable to afford to remain and graduate, and engaged in school-teaching as a means of immediate support. A bankrupt country academy at Wrentham, about twenty-five miles from Boston, was offered to him rent free if he would keep a school in it, and, for want of anything better, he took it. He had to teach all the grammar and high school branches, including the fitting of boys for college, and his pupils ranged from ten years old to those two or three years older than himself. He was the only teacher, and heard from sixteen to twenty classes a day. Besides these, which included classes in Latin, French, Greek, and German, he had pupils out of school in Spanish and Italian, adding to all this the enterprise, then wholly new, of systematically teaching English with the study of standard writers. This was apparently a thing never done before that time in the whole United States.

So marked was the impression made by his mode of teaching that it led to his appointment as principal of the pioneer public high schools at Dorchester, Massachusetts. He there required work in English of all his pupils, boys and girls alike, including those who were going to college. At this time no English, as such, was required at any American college, and it was only since 1846 that Harvard had introduced even a historical examination, in which Worcester's "Elements of History and Elements of Geography" were added to the original departments of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Rolfe's boys enjoyed the studies in English literature, but feared lest they might fail in the required work in classics unless they were excused from English. To relieve their anxiety and his own, their teacher wrote to Professor Felton, afterwards President of Harvard, telling him what his boys were doing in English and asking permission to omit some portion of his Greek reader then required for admission. Professor Felton replied, in substance, "Go ahead with the English and let the Greek take care of itself." As a result, all four of the boys entered Harvard without conditions, and it is worth noticing that they all testified that no part of their preparatory training was more valuable to them in college than this in English. It is also noticeable that the late Henry A. Clapp, of Boston, long eminent as a lecturer on Shakespeare, was one of these boys.

In the summer of 1857 Mr. Rolfe was invited to take charge of the high school at Lawrence, Massachusetts, on a larger scale than the Dorchester institution, and was again promoted after four years to Salem, and the next year to be principal of the Cambridge high school, where he remained until 1868. Since that time he has continued to reside in Cambridge, and has devoted himself to editorial and literary work. His literary labors from 1869 to the present day have been vast and varied. He has been one of the editors of the "Popular Science News" (formerly the Boston "Journal of Chemistry"), and for nearly twenty years has had charge of the department of Shakespeareana in the "Literary World" and the "Critic," to which he has lately added poet-lore. He has written casual articles for other periodicals. In 1865 he published a handbook of Latin poetry with J. H. Hanson, A.M., of Waterville, Maine. In 1867 he published an American edition of Craik's "English of Shakespeare." Between 1867 and 1869, in connection with J. A. Gillet, he brought out the "Cambridge course" in physics, in six volumes. In 1870 he edited Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" with such success that by 1883 he had completed an edition of all the plays in forty volumes. It has long been accepted as a standard critical authority, being quoted as such by leading English and German editors. He is now engaged in a thorough revision of this edition, twenty-eight volumes of which are already published or in press. He has also edited Scott's complete poems, as well as (separately) "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of

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the Last Minstrel;" an édition de luxe of Tennyson's works in twelve volumes, and another, the Cambridge edition, in one volume. He has edited volumes of selections from Milton, Gray, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, and Browning, with Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." He is also the author of "Shakespeare the Boy," with sketches of youthful life of that period; "The Satchel Guide to Europe," published anonymously for twenty-eight years; and a book on the "Elementary Study of English." With his son, John C. Rolfe, Ph.D., Professor of Latin in the University of Pennsylvania, he has edited Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." He has published a series of elementary English classics in six volumes. He has also supervised the publication of the "New Century édition de luxe" of Shakespeare in twenty-four volumes, besides writing for it a "Life of Shakespeare" which fills a volume of five hundred and fifty pages, now published separately. It is safe to say that no other American, and probably no Englishman, has rivaled him for the extent, variety, and accuracy of his services as an editor.

This work may be justly divided into two parts; that employed on Shakespeare, and that on single minor authors whose complete or partial work he has reprinted. In Shakespeare he has, of course, the highest theme to dwell on, but also that in which he has been preceded by so vast a series of workers that his function is not so much that of original and individual criticism as of judicious compilation of the work of predecessors, this last fact being especially true since the printing of the Furness edition. It is in dealing with the minor authors that he has been led to the discovery, at first seeming almost incredible, that the poems which have most claimed the attention of the world have for that very reason been gradually most changed and perverted in printing. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," for instance, has appeared in polyglot editions; it has been translated fifteen times into French, thirteen into Italian, twelve times into Latin, and so on down through Greek, German, Portuguese, and Hebrew. No one poem in the English language, even of Longfellow, equals it in this respect. The editions which appeared in Gray's own time were kept correct through his own careful supervision; and the changes in successive editions are at first those made by himself, usually improvements, as where he changed "some village Cato" to "some village Hampden," and substituted in the same verse "Milton" for "Tully" and "Cromwell" for "Cæsar." But there are many errors in Pickering's edition, and these have been followed by most American copies. It may perhaps be doubted whether Dr. Rolfe is quite correct in his opinion where he says in his preface to this ode, "No vicissitudes of taste or fashion have affected its popularity;" it is pretty certain that young people do not know it by heart so generally as they once did, and Wordsworth pronounced its dialect often "unintelligible;" but we are all under obligation to Dr. Rolfe for his careful revision of the text.

Turning now to Scott's "Lady of the Lake," which would seem next in familiarity to Gray's "Elegy," we find scores of corrections, made in the notes, of errors that have crept gradually in since the edition of 1821. For instance, in Canto II., l. 685, every edition since 1821 has had "I meant not all my *heart* would say," the correct reading being "my *heat* would say." In Canto VI., l. 396, the Scottish "*boune*" has been changed to "*bound*," and eight lines below the old word "*barded*" has become "*barbed*;" and these are but a few among many examples.

When we turn to Shakespeare, we find less direct service of this kind required than in the minor authors; less need of the microscope. At any rate, the variations have all been thoroughly scrutinized, and no flagrant changes have come to light since the disastrous attempt in that direction of Mr. Collier in 1852. On the other hand, we come to a new class of variations, which it would have been well perhaps to have stated more clearly in the volumes where they occur; namely, the studied omissions, in Rolfe's edition, of all indecent words or phrases. There is much to be said for and against this process of Bowdlerizing, as it was formerly called; and those who recall

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the publication of the original Bowdler experiment in this line, half a century ago, and the seven editions which it went through from 1818 to 1861, can remember with what disapproval such expurgation was long regarded. Even now it is to be noticed that the new edition of reprints of the early folio Shakespeares, edited by two ladies, Misses Clarke and Porter, and issued by the same publishers with Mr. Rolfe's, adopts no such method. Of course the objection to the process is on the obvious ground that concealment creates curiosity, and the great majority of copies of Shakespeare will be always unexpurgated, so that it is very easy to turn to them. Waiving this point, and assuming the spelling to be necessarily modernized, it is difficult to conceive of any school edition done more admirably than the new issue now in process of Mr. Rolfe's Shakespeare. The type is clear, the paper good, and the notes and appendices are the result of long experience. When one turns back, for instance, to the old days of Samuel Johnson's editorship, and sees the utter triviality and dullness of half the annotations of that very able man, one feels the vast space of time elapsed between his annotations and Dr. Rolfe's. This applies even to notes that seem almost trivial, and many a suggestion or bit of explanation which seems to a mere private student utterly wasted can be fully justified by cases in which still ampler points have proved seriously puzzling in the schoolroom.

It has been said that every Shakespeare critic ended with the desire to be Shakespeare's biographer, although fortunately most of them have been daunted by discouragement or the unwillingness of booksellers. Here, also, Mr. Rolfe's persistent courage has carried him through, and doubtless his work, aided by time and new discoveries, has portrayed more fully than that of any of his predecessors the airy palace in which the great enchanter dwelt. How far the occupant of the palace still remains also a thing of air, we must leave for Miss Delia Bacon's school of heretics to determine. For myself, I believe, with Andrew Lang, that "Shakespeare's plays and poems were written by Shakespeare."

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THE TROPHY WON BY THE WARD OF THE DRAGON ON JULY 2, 1903

The Palio of Siena

A Curious Mediæval Horse-Race[1]

By Williston Hough

THE traveler who has learned to associate the name of Siena with the perfection of her cathedral, or the delicate beauty of Matteo di Giovanni's Madonnas, will perhaps find it somewhat incongruous to think of the staid old town as the scene of the turbulent excitement of a horse-race.

But the Palio is a horse-race with a difference. It is quite as mediæval in character as the exquisite Gothic of the cathedral, or as Matteo's tempera altar panels. In fact, far from presenting an anomaly, the Palio is the very occasion on which all the sleeping mediæval life of the city bursts forth anew, the gorgeous costumes and droll pageantry and boisterous passions of the festival being but the more visible signs of an actual momentary return of the spirit of the past.

What could be more remote from the hard-headed competition of modern times than a horse-race run under conditions such as these?

1. The race is run in honor of the Blessed Virgin, consequently as a religious ceremony.

2. It is run in the most impossible of places; namely, around the cramped and irregularly shaped public square, the old forum of Roman days.

3. The competitors in the race (ten of the wards of the city) do not supply their own horses, but must accept such as are assigned to them by lot only four days before the contest.

4. The horses receive a priestly blessing at their respective parish churches immediately before taking part in the race.

5. The race is not solely a race, but a running fight between the jockeys, who are expected to assail one another fiercely

[1] The writer witnessed the Palio festival of July 2, 1902. But he is also largely indebted to Mr. William Heywood's admirable little book, "Our Lady of August and the Palio of Siena," which should be read by every one intending to see this mediæval spectacle.

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with their heavy riding-whips—a practice which usually takes the form of a concerted attack upon a likely winner.

The Palio, then, is primarily a public spectacle, the celebration of a great festival; it is picturesque, quaint, droll, magnificent; the first interest is in the pageant, in the revival of mediæval life, in the historic significance of the curious customs.

But the vast throng gathered to witness it is human; the competitors have partisans and foes whose blood is hot with the loves and hates of centuries; as the moment for the race approaches, holiday mirth gives place to intense excitement; and when the starting-gun is fired, hearts beat as fast and passions run as high as at race-courses where records are broken and tens of thousands lost and won.

This strange commingling of religious rites, mirthful pomp, and droll trivialities shot through with elemental human passions demands a brief historical preface.

The modern Palio[1] is the result of a gradual evolution dating from the thirteenth century, and closely interwoven with the religious, social, and civic history of the city. To understand the significance of its peculiar customs, three points in particular must be fixed in mind: (1) the special prominence in Sienese history of the worship of the Virgin; (2) the ceremonial character of the public games, and the active part played by the Contrade, or wards of the city, in promoting them; (3) the important distinction which exists between the ancient and the modern Palii, the latter having borrowed many customs from the other sports.

1. At supreme crises in the city's history, Siena was repeatedly dedicated to the guardianship of the Queen of Heaven. Miraculous victories followed, so that the complete ascendency which the Virgin gained over the minds of the Sienese acquired a civic and political no less than a religious significance.

In consequence, the two great festivals of the Virgin—the Feast of the Visitation on July 2, and the Feast of the Assumption in mid-August—early became Siena's most important anniversaries; while the Palii run to celebrate them aroused all the patriotic and religious feelings of the people, and, surviving all the other public games, are still held to-day with unabated enthusiasm and with a faithful adherence to their mediæval character.

2. Like the Olympic games, the mediæval sports of Siena were primarily intended to signalize important events, and particularly religious festivals. Thus, not only were Palii held regularly in honor of various saints, but on one occasion (1359) a special Palio was ordered to commemorate the acquisition of certain sacred relics for the hospital, while, a few years later, the date of a Palio was changed in the hope of staying the pestilence.

In the earliest rude sports, the contestants represented the Terzi of the city; but on the introduction of bull-fights in the sixteenth century, the Terzi were subdivided into a number of Contrade for the express purpose of increasing the splendor and importance of the public games. And, in fact, the keen rivalries thus aroused did more to create the gay pageantry and picturesque customs of the festivals than all other causes combined.

3. The ancient Palii were more nearly like ordinary horse-races. Those run in honor of the Virgin Mary date from 1238, and were held at the Feast of the Assumption, on August 15. At first they were probably run outside the city walls, on some straight, broad country road. Later the race was through the streets of the city, from near one of the city gates to the Cathedral—a devious and dangerous course. But after the fifteenth century the horses ran riderless, canvas barriers being stretched across the side streets.

The modern Palii of the Piazza originated about 1650, as celebrations of the Feast of Our Lady of Provenzano on July 2. But in 1701 a custom arose by which the victors could, if they chose, offer the trophy they had won as the prize for a new race, to be run on the

[1] "Palio" is a corruption of the Latin *pallium*, and originally indicated the banner given as the prize of the race. By extension, it became the name of the race itself, and, in fact, a generic term applied to many races, including the Siena buffalo-races and the foot-races of Verona, for which a cloak or banner was given as the prize. At a much later time, by a different substitution, the *silver plate* then offered as the trophy was called the Palio.

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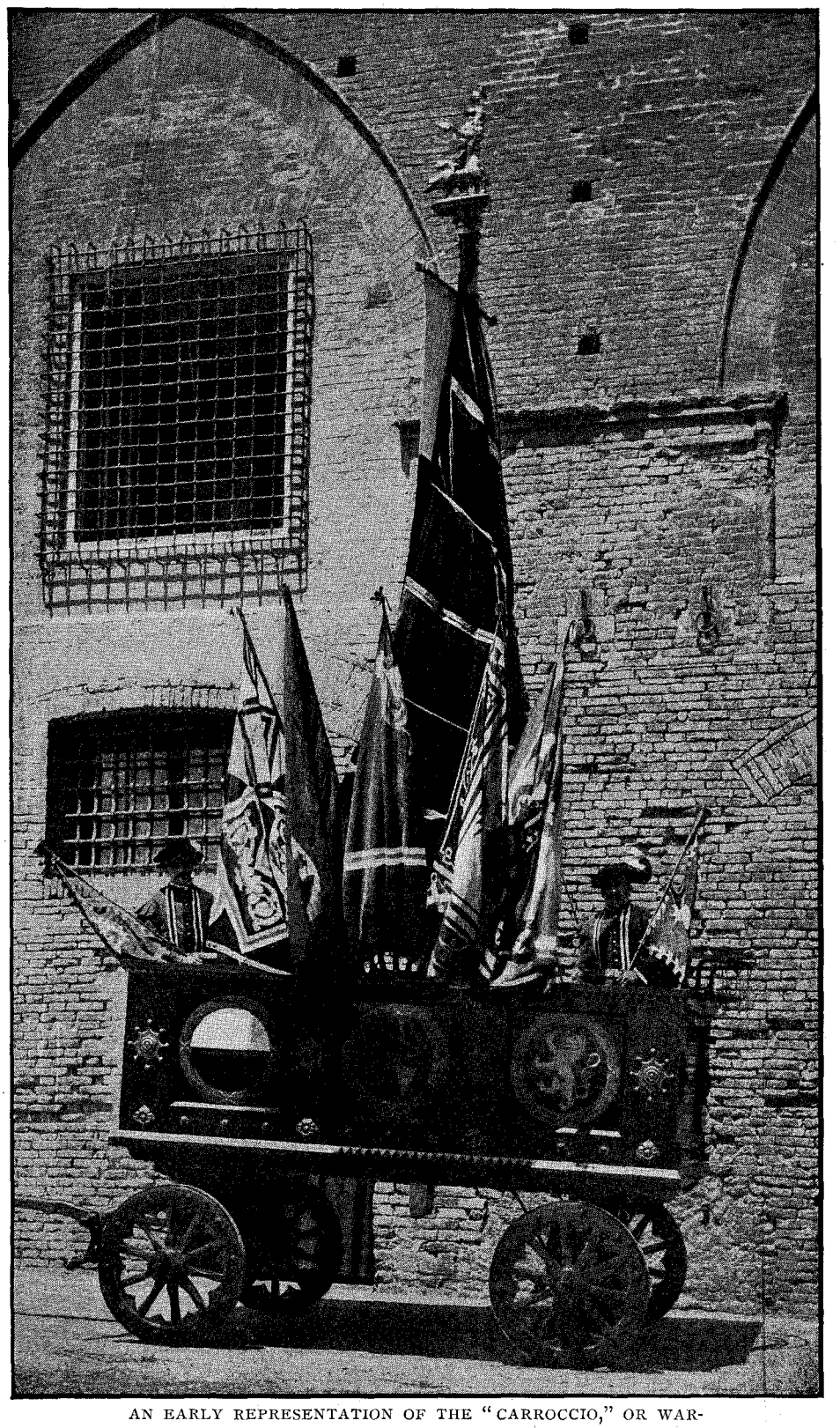

AN EARLY REPRESENTATION OF THE "CARROCCIO," OR WAR-CHARIOT, CAPTURED FROM THE FLORENTINES IN 1260

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FIGURINO OF THE CONTRADA OF THE GOOSE, WHICH WON THE RACE OF AUGUST 16, 1903

FIGURINO OF THE CONTRADA OF THE DRAGON, WHICH WON THE RACE OF JULY 2, 1903

day following that of the ancient Palio. This practice grew by degrees until, at the close of the century, the Palio of August 16 became as regular an annual event as that of July 2. And when, barely forty years ago, the century-old Palio of August 15 was finally abolished, the race of the following day inherited all its venerable prestige, and at once became the principal festival of the Sienese year.

From the outset the modern Palii were magnificent pageants. They borrowed from earlier sports the picturesque parade preceding the race, and the custom of executing those marvelous evolutions with the Contrade banners which are so universally admired. And the companies of contestants adopted the splendid liveries of mediæval bravery, and the flags, devices, and strange Contrade names, such as *Lupa*, the Wolf, *Oca*, the Goose, *Torre*, the Tower, *Onda*, the Wave, which originated in connection with the bull-fights, and which lend such an old-world aspect to the beauty of the spectacle.

On July 2 and August 16 of each year, therefore, occurs this most extraordinary of horse-races. The preparations begin some days in advance. There are not only all the preliminaries which can readily be guessed, both in the cramped, stone-built Piazza and at the local headquarters of the competing Contrade, but also the delicate business of assigning the horses to the various contestants must be gone through with. The matter is critical, for the appeal to fortune may be decisive; it is the dealing of the cards when but one trick is to be played. As we shall see, the function is conducted in a manner worthy of its importance.

Since the beginning of the last century the management of these races has been in the hands of the municipality. The number of competitors is restricted to ten, determined each year by rotation and by lot. The interested Contrade are represented at the drawing by Captains, who act as a jury in selecting the horses.

Early on the morning of the third day preceding the race, the horses offered to the municipality for the contest may be seen disappearing at intervals within the great Gothic doorway of the Palazzo Pubblico, where the official business of the Palio is conducted. When fifteen to twenty candidates have arrived, they are raced in groups of three or four around the Piazza, by

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jockeys in the pay of the city. After their possibilities have been adequately tested, the Captains of the Contrade retire to discuss their merits and to select the ten which appear to be the nearest equal in speed. These are forthwith distinguished by large numbers painted upon their backs.

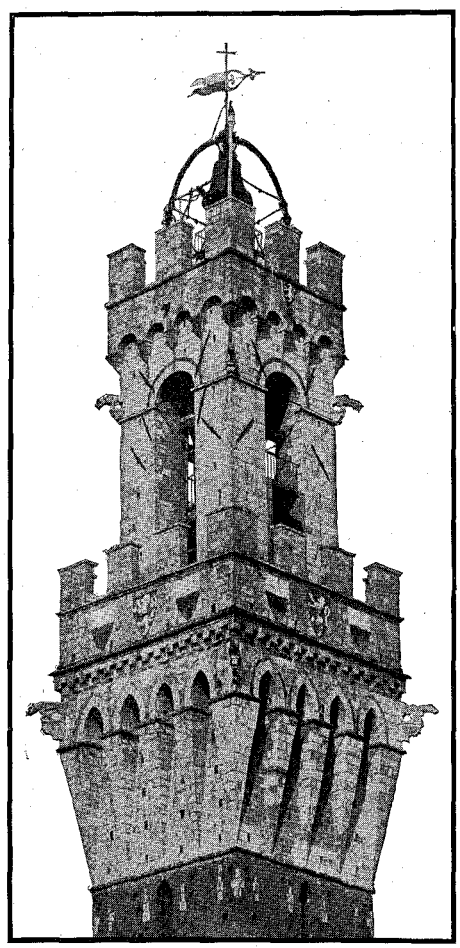
Next, fortune's favor is invoked. Two glass urns, which can be made to revolve by turning a handle, stand ready upon a table in an outer court of the Palazzo. In one of these the names of the competing Contrade are deposited, while in the other are placed numbers corresponding to the numbers upon the horses; each name and each number having been previously inclosed in a small wooden cylinder which conceals the contents.

Assembled about the table are the Captains and a crowd of anxious spectators. The urns are duly rotated; a number is extracted and announced in a loud voice by an official; perhaps it is a well-known horse, and a thrill of expectancy passes over the crowd. Which Contrada will get it? Amid breathless excitement the urn containing the names is opened and a name drawn. The official shouts "Torre," or "Lupa," and the cheers of the lucky Contrada and the disappointed murmurs of her rivals fill the court and are caught up and repeated by the crowd in the Piazza.

When the fortunes of all have been decided, the horses are hurried away to their respective Contrade, where they are carefully fed and groomed, or neglected and even maltreated, according as they promise to win or lose the race for their temporary masters.

Here let it be interpellated that these aspirants for Palio honors are not to the manner born, but are just any cobs or nags—perhaps taken from cabs or tradesmen's carts—who chance to have a little "go" in them, and whose owners are confident that the municipality will accept of their services in exchange for a ten-franc fee.

Interest next centers in the trial races. The first of these occurs on the evening of the same day. Then there are two on each of the two succeeding days. Perhaps several of the horses have run in previous Palii; but there will be some novices, and the practice races serve the purpose of teaching these the difficulties of the track, which is far from level and has two sharp corners to turn, and also of enabling the jockeys and their principals to study the possibilities of the several competitors, and to decide upon the tactics to be adopted for the actual contest. For, as has been already intimated, various methods of interference are practiced, so that the race is seldom altogether to the swift. At the trial races, however, the jockeys are not provided with the



THE MANGIA TOWER

It has recently been discovered that the upper portion of this splendid tower was designed by the painter Lippo Memmi in 1341. Besides the black and white *balzana* shields, which are the arms of the City, and the lion rampant, the arms of the People, the Wolf and Twins are shown at the corners as grotesques.

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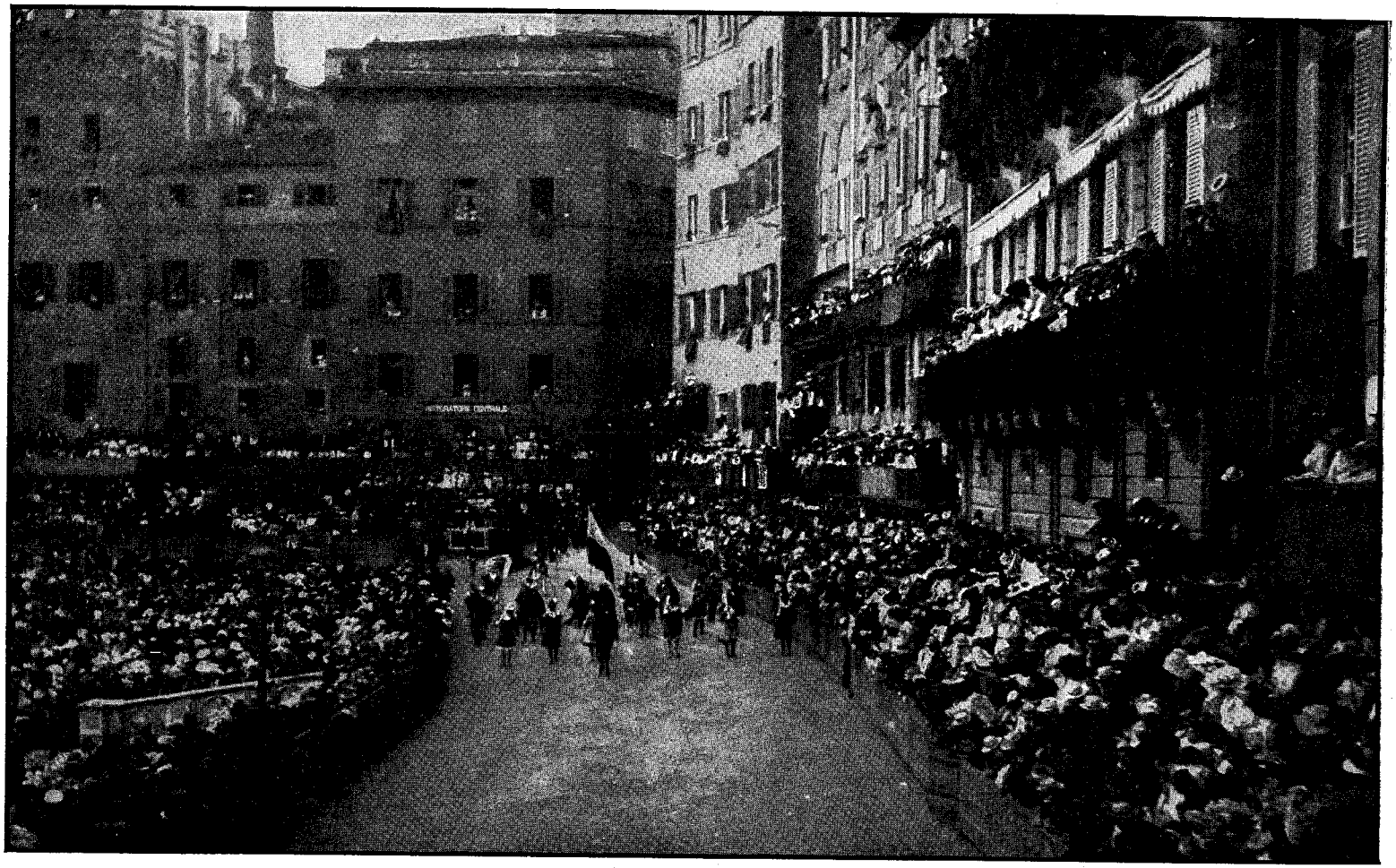

THE FESTIVAL OF AUGUST 16, 1903

Trumpeters in the livery of the Palazzo leading the procession. The judges' stand is in the middle background at the turning of the track

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nerbi, or rawhide whips, with which they do such terrible execution on the occasion of the race itself.

Meanwhile we must not lose sight of the religious motive of the Palio. The Feast of the Assumption is still a great anniversary for the Sienese. On the morning of the festival high mass is sung in the Cathedral, and a vast concourse presses into the sacred edifice to do homage to the Queen of Heaven. For this august occasion the wooden covering is removed from the exquisitely beautiful *graffito* pavement of the Duomo; the picture known as the "Madonna delle Grazie" (associated with the first dedication of the city to the Virgin, and from very early times carried in procession on great occasions) is disclosed to view; and the columns of the nave and transept are hung with the banners of the Contrade.

But the Southern nature passes lightly from devotion to gayety. No sooner is the solemn service over than the Sienese return to their preparations for the morrow's festivities, and the eve of the Palio is spent in feasting and revel.

With the dawn these good people are not on their way home from the banqueting. Bless you, no! They are heading for the market-place. This is no time for sleep, nor for unceremonious duties. The whole population is astir, and the popular mind is filled with one thought. For what wretch is so invertebrate that his pride and hatred are not roused on Palio morning! It is even said that, since generations, not Siena, but his own Contrada, has been each man's *patria;* that the feeling between rival Contrade is so strong as practically to exclude intermarriage, and that when it chances that a girl has found a husband in a hostile ward, on Palio day she invariably returns to her father's house, there to share in the triumph or humiliation of the parental home.

While the worthy Sienese thus utilize the morning hours in stirring up their passions, high in the matchless campanile of the Palazzo Pubblico the great Campanone, heard only on national festivals, is sending forth its summons to the whole countryside; and in due time the peasant folk, in their gayest holiday attire, commence streaming in through the city gates.

At length two o'clock arrives, and in each Contrada, amid roll of drums, the Contrada *comparsa* forms into order and starts upon its round of complimentary salutes, which it concludes at the parish church, where the horse is to receive a priestly blessing.

This ceremony is one of the strangest which the Palio has preserved. It puts the seal upon the religious intention of the spectacle, and points to the depth and reality of the feelings which the contest arouses.

The service is simple and reverently conducted. The parish priest, in surplice and stole, receives the members of the Contrada comparsa at the foot of the high altar; the church is filled with spectators and devout participants; when all is in readiness, the horse is led forward to the altar, accompanied by the *fantino*, who stands erect with his helmet on his head. There are a few short Latin prayers, with responses; the petition which specially invokes a benediction upon the horse is the last, and reads: "Let this animal receive thy blessing, O Lord, whereby it may be preserved in body and freed from every harm by the intercession of the blessed Anthony; through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*" The priest then sprinkles holy water upon the horse, and the service is concluded.

From all parts of the city, now, the several comparse begin to foregather at the Piazza di Giordano Bruno, whither they march with all possible pomp and circumstance. As each arrives it makes its salutation before the Church of Sant' Agostino, and disappears among the crowd.

This rendezvous, long accredited by custom as the market-place of the Palio, has been for some hours in the possession of an eager throng, whose leaders are striving to consummate the various alliances and bargains by which the result of the contest may be influenced. Money, it is stated on authority, is freely spent, some thousands of francs not infrequently being pledged to the *fantini* of friendly Contrade, as the price of interference with a dangerous rival.

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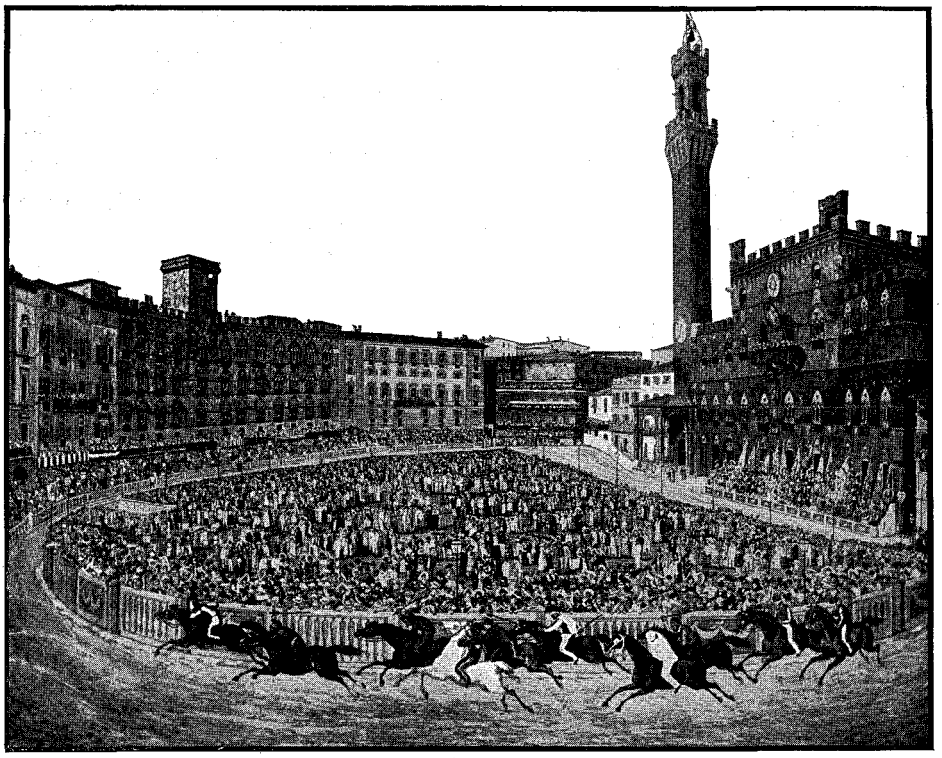

A VIEW OF THE RACE; TAKEN FROM AN OLD PAINTING

The several Comparse are shown occupying seats directly in front of the Palazzo Pubblico, and grouped about their respective Contrada banners

When the traders have done their worst, the comparse form into line, and, passing into the Via del Casato, await the signal for their appearance.

Meanwhile, an excited and expectant multitude has been pouring into the Piazza del Campo. Let the reader picture to himself this historic forum of the city, surrounded by public buildings and stately palaces, and filled with its sea of human life. The central space is packed to its encircling barriers with the thousands of townspeople and peasants who do not mean that the Palio shall cost them a sou. (The caustic wit of the Tuscan has dubbed this free standing-space, *il palco dei cani!*) Beyond the track, and rising from the pavement halfway to the balconies, are tiers on tiers of seats filled with the spectators who are eager to pay sums ranging from two francs to half a napoleon for a good view of the race. Further above, in the balconies of the ancient palaces, sit the great ladies and grandees of Siena's aristocratic families, whose somewhat remote presence lends a touch of old-world elegance and distinction to an essentially popular festival.

Everywhere there are movement and color. The broad façade of the Palazzo Pubblico, the balconies and windows of palaces and houses, are richly draped with flags, embroidered banners, tapestries, and gay stuffs in festoons; while the bright costumes, yellow Leghorn hats, and fluttering fans of the *contadine* in the Piazza below produce a shimmering, kaleidoscopic color-vision never to be forgotten.

Shortly after six o'clock a signal gun announces the last preliminaries of the race. The track is cleared by mounted *carabinieri*, and then carefully smoothed and swept, as if a royal foot, and not the shoulder-blade of some unhorsed fantino, might find an uneven spot in its covering of sand.

At a second signal the procession of the comparse issues from the Via del

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THE CROWD AWAITING THE RACE

At the left of the center may be seen the mattress-covered hoarding, designed to protect the *fantini* when rounding the dangerous *voltata di S. Martino*

Casato, and commences its circuit of the Piazza. The display of mediæval pomp for which this parade gives occasion constitutes the feature—next to the excitement of the race itself—most likely to interest and please the visitor.

At the head of the procession march the representatives of the Commune, first the standard-bearer, mounted and bearing the great black and white banner of the city; then the trumpeters in the livery of the Palazzo; and, following at a little distance, the first of the comparse.

Each comparsa consists of a *Capitano*, in glittering cuirass and helmet; two *Alfieri*, in gay doublets and hose, and carrying the banners; five pages, including the *Figurino* with the Contrada flag; a drummer; the *fantino* on horseback; and a *barbareseo*, who leads the horse which is to contest the race.

The companies advance with measured tread, beating drums and waving banners, and in turn perform a special salute in front of the judges' stand, in imitation of the time when an additional prize was offered to the comparsa which presented the smartest appearance and executed the *sbandierata*, or intricate evolutions of the banners, with the most dexterity and grace.

Then they pass on, and proceed slowly around the Piazza, until it is nearly encompassed by the outstretched procession. At this moment the long encircling line of knights and pages in bright, many-hued costumes, and the continuous waving and tossing of the richly embroidered banners, make up a sight unsurpassed of its kind.

This splendid review of the hereditary magnificence of the Tower, the Wave, the Wood, the Snail, the Eagle, is fittingly terminated by the display of Siena's most memorable trophy—an early reproduction of the famed *carroccio*, or war-chariot, taken from the utterly broken and routed Florentines at the battle of Montaperto in 1260. The massive car is drawn by four horses, and

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bears as its most honored standards the municipal oriflamme and the prize Palio banner, about which are effectively grouped the standards of all the seventeen Contrade.[1]

After the carroccio has passed, the spectacle is concluded by a parade of the seven remaining comparse, who make a circuit of the Piazza, in imitation of the proud pomp of their more fortunate colleagues.

Harmless pageantry has now had its due. The scene changes. War is in the air, and the hush of suspense descends upon the crowd. There is a last inspection of the track, which is again smoothed, while gendarmes pass around the palings to see that no over-eager spectator has forced an arm or a leg into a perilous position.

Presently a signal gun is fired, and the fantini, mounted and armed with the deadly nerbi, issue from the Palazzo and ride briskly to the starting-post.

The contestants file into an inclosure, where there is an ingenious contrivance for securing an equal standing start, and take up the positions assigned to them by lot. There is some backing and plunging—for even "scrubs" can be made to feel nervous excitement—and the jockeys have been known to add to the diversion of the moment by a premature assault upon one another with their nerbi.

Suddenly, in the midst perhaps of a tentative scrimmage, the expected signal is heard, and they are off. No words can describe the tumult which follows. A yell goes up from the crowd that is demoniacal. It is the moment of battle, and long ere the eye can analyze the result of the start, several fierce fights are in progress. But the focus of the struggle soon appears to the fore, where the probable winner is defending himself against the determined attacks of paid assailants. Nothing but good sparring and a fleeter horse can save him from an awful beating. Blows descend upon his head and back and upon his luckless horse like the rattle of grape-shot.[1]

At the turn the horses begin to string out into a line, and the crowd can discern the relative positions won by the jockeys. Cheers and shouts are offset by the angry protestations of those who draw bad horses. There follows an instant's lull, while the dangerous corner (*voltata di S. Martino*)[2] is doubled; and then, in the straight stretch in front of the Palazzo, horses not so clever on the curves dash to the fore, and cause a momentary flutter in the expectations. Again they lose at the second turning, and again they gain. "Onda down!" "Down with Onda at San Martino!" cry a group of excited Ocaioli, whose long-limbed nag has no speed on the turns. But Onda again does the trick to perfection, and the finish of the second lap shows her well in the lead.

Only an accident, or some *coup* still in reserve, can now snatch the victory from a white, nervous little beast, who is fleet and thoroughly understands the peculiarities of this most extraordinary race-track. Look! Two fantini are again at it with their terrible nerbi. Is it a struggle for second place, or ancient rivalry, or merely the wiping out of an unpaid score? The visitor will never know.

While he marvels the leaders enter the straight stretch on the last lap. Hello! What is Lupa doing? The gaunt black is fairly swooping down upon Onda, with Bruco and Pantera in hot pursuit. Why doesn't Onda pick up? Heavens! the race has been sold.

Wait a moment. Watch the little white favorite. She understands the game better than her critics. She doesn't spurt, but she's going splendidly, close to the barrier, with an eye on the sharp turning. If she makes that last corner without a fall, the race is hers. Every son of Onda feels his heart in his throat,

[1] Formerly, the prize of the modern races was a handsome silver plate, still customarily affixed to the Palio banner staff; but at present the victorious Contrada retains the banner as the trophy, the plate being bought back by the municipality. A new banner is accordingly painted for each race, but the subjects represented are slightly different for the two races of the year. The one offered for the contest of July 2 bears a likeness of the Madonna of the Collegiate Church of Provenzano, while upon that designed for the winner of August 16 is painted a picture of the Assumption.

[1] Nor is that all! The writer saw the fantino who won the race of July 2, 1902, repeatedly struck across the *face* and chest with the butt end of the nerbo, by an opponent who very nearly fell to the ground with his exertions.

[2] Many fatal accidents have occurred at this and at the second sharp turning. As recently as 1898 three horses were killed; and in 1901 a fantino lost his life by the fall of his horse at the second turning.

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but—she does it! and then the air is rent with wild shouts of "Onda!" "Onda!" "Onda!" "Lupa!" "Lupa!" for Lupa has won second place.

Instantly the track is in the possession of the crowd. Onda's fantino, faint with the blows he has received, falls into the arms of the gendarmes, who seize his horse and then quickly gather about him to prevent his being "knifed" by the toughs of rival Contrade in the first fury of their rage at defeat.

The victors are delirious with joy. They fall upon fantino and horse, embrace and even kiss the jockey in their excitement, and include in their caresses also the panting, trembling little animal who made the triumph possible. Then, setting the fantino upon their shoulders, and leading the horse, they proceed to the judges' stand, where they are joined by a delighted host from their own Contrada, and by their allies.

Quickly the air is filled with waving banners, and then, as the beautiful symbol of victory, the silken Palio, is lowered and delivered to the winners, a burst of exultant acclaim rises from a thousand throats, and is caught up and echoed from all parts of the Piazza.

In the ordinary course, the victors, after a brief triumphal display, resort at once to the Church of Santa Maria di Provenzano, to render thanks to the Virgin and to secure a second benediction upon the horse and fantino. But in the joy and excitement of success they often bear the coveted trophy direct to their own Contrada church, there to give praise and thanks to the local saint.

Thereupon, the prize being safely delivered into the keeping of the church, they promptly constitute themselves hosts to the town. There is free wine for all comers, and no restraint is set upon the general rejoicing. Every one toasts the fantino, the horse, the Capitano, the Alfieri—all, in fact, who in any way contributed to the triumph; and the narrow streets and passages, the brightly lighted cafés and homely wine-booths, resound with bravos and healths until deep into the night.

On the morrow the victorious comparsa again forms into order—the horse now decorated with stars and spangles of tinfoil plastered upon its head and back in geometrical patterns—and makes a triumphal progress through the friendly parts of the city. To the imperious roll of drums the Alfieri perform *sbandierata* before the houses of the Signori Protettori, pages distribute cheaply printed sonnets in praise of the fantino and their incomparable Contrada, while the hero of the hour is not above receiving on a small plate the tribute levied in this manner upon the city fathers.

The Palio festivities attain their final conclusion when, a week or two later, the victors celebrate their triumph in a banquet, held in one of those cozy Italian streets which are so like the open court of a dwelling, where the gay decorations of the Piazza on Palio day may be repeated in the tapestries and bright stuffs hung from the neighboring windows, and where the revelers may indulge in the presence of their equine champion, who, decked in holiday trappings and scrupulously groomed, has his manger of good things at the bottom of the table.

Thus the Palio finds its epilogue, as it did its dim thirteenth-century beginning, in a popular festival. And because it is consistent it is convincing. One sees that it is native to the soil. It is, therefore, as much an instructive page in the history of civilization as it is a curious and fascinating spectacle.

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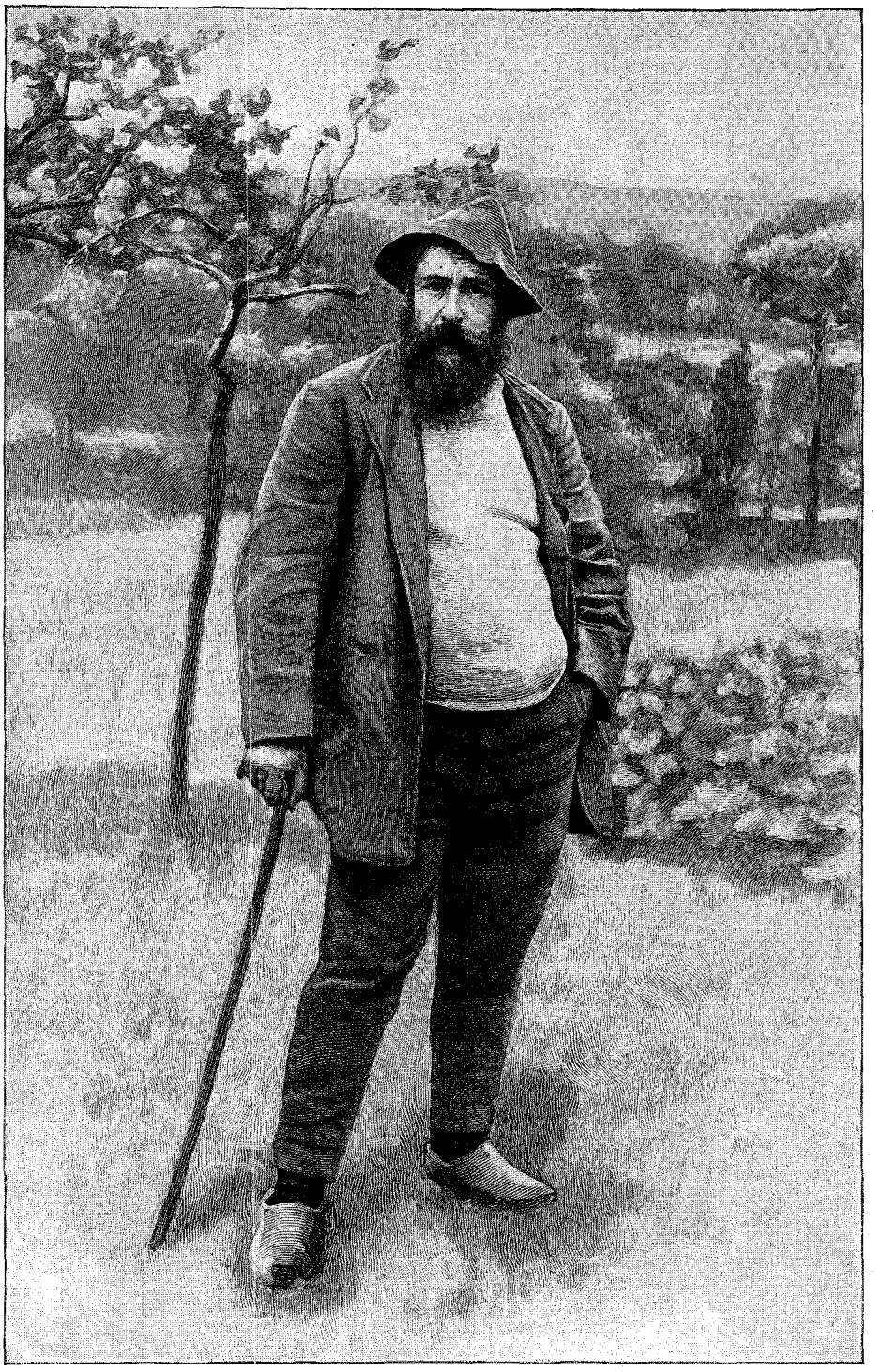

CLAUDE MONET IN HIS GARDEN AT GIVERNY

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CLAUDE MONET

THE MASTER OF IMPRESSIONISM

By Desmond FitzGerald

Illustrated with portrait and reproductions of paintings through the courtesy of Messrs. Durand-Ruel & Sons

THE recent exhibition at Copley Hall, in Boston, of the works of Claude Monet, was a revelation of the real aims and accomplishments of the Impressionist School. Ninety-five canvases were exhibited, representing almost every period of the artist's career, from the charming "Chailly Road," painted in 1867, to the mysterious fogs on the Thames; the former hardly distinguishable in the matter of style from the romanticist school, and the latter representing the latest work of the master. The exhibition was a revelation, because, however familiar the student of art may be with isolated examples of the impressionist's work, there was an opportunity in the Boston collection to study the rise and progress of the greatest leader of the *plein air* such as has never been offered before, even in the land of his birth. It is true that in 1899 a somewhat larger collection of Monet's works was exhibited at the Georges Petit galleries in Paris, but during the succeeding years Monet has accomplished great things. Not only did the Boston exhibition cover a greater range of subjects, but it was shown in a much more impressive and artistic manner, with ample wall space, and with only two lines of pictures. The Copley Society wisely chose Monet's works as a fitting continuation of the great Sargent and Whistler "one man" exhibitions recently held under the auspices of that Society.

Standing in front of these inspiring studies of nature and calling to mind some of the creations of other so-called "Masters," it was not difficult to understand that when Gérôme went to see Monet's pictures of the Rouen Cathedral in 1895, he should have exclaimed, "E-pou-van-table!" and that when he caught sight of the canvas entitled "Vernon, par un temps du brouillard," he should have declared, "A blank canvas, purchased from the dealer and put in a frame—nothing more!—absolutely nothing! One may gaze, one sees nothing; and you know that sells very dear. Oh, it is too grotesque!"

Between the art of Gérôme and that of Monet there can be little sympathy. The one is a beautiful piece of mechanical work, and we may well admire its artisanship; the other is always a great interpretation of some particular aspect of nature, some atmospheric illusion, in which we may, almost without effort of the imagination, breathe the air, feel the passing wind, or bask in the warm sunshine. We may study his works by the hour, or live with them every day, and still fall short of comprehending their full beauty; there is always something left to discover and admire. Gérômes are offsprings of the hand; Monets, of the mind.

It is said of Meissonier that when he wished to paint the retreat of the French soldiers from Moscow, he covered his garden at Poissy with flour, to imitate the snow in which the soldiers died. It is enlightening to compare the results of Meissonier's method with those charming and real snow effects which Monet painted in Norway, where the whole air seems to be filled with snow, and the surrounding landscape reflects the harmony of nature with an ice-clad world. Wholly different results necessarily follow such opposite methods of study, and it is little source of surprise that in the one case we breathe no real atmosphere, and in the other the very air seems respirable.

We now arrive at a point where it is desirable to define the meaning of "impressionism," and to take a glance at the

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school which has produced such wonderful effects upon the world of art; for, whether we laugh at impressionism, so called, or not, we cannot be blind to its valuable contributions to landscape art.

There is probably no greater misnomer than the term "impressionism." The founders and followers of the school call themselves the devotees of the *plein air*, painters of the atmosphere and the effects of light. Ever since Monet, in 1873, exhibited a picture entitled "Impressions of a Setting Sun," and "Charivari," the comic paper of Paris, dubbed the little group of *plein air* painters as "impressionists," the title has clung closely to them, and no effort that has been made to shake the misnomer from their shoulders has been successful. To the uninitiated the term "impressionist" conveys the idea of a vagary, splashes of paint, a rapid sketch, an incomplete study, or, according to one of Monet's critics, "carouses of sunshine and orgies in the open air." Really, "impressionism" is no "easy way out" for painting; its technique is difficult, for the apparent haphazard splashes of paint are careful studies of juxtaposition of pure colors, intended to produce at the proper distance the effect of vibrant light of a certain tone and value; and its discipline is severe, for it demands a devotion to nature herself and a close communion with the great teacher, leaving little to the memory, the imagination, or the studio.

How many are there among the great masses of mankind who realize what impressionism stands for? There is, to be sure, a decided advance in the growth of current ideas on this matter compared with the lamentable ignorance prevailing twenty-five years ago. Artists, connoisseurs, and critics have to-day a fair notion on the subject, and the world at large has learned to see nature with a more just conception of her marvelous colors, but largely without realizing that there has been any change in their point of view. The writer has many times heard persons declare their dislike for the old brown shadows and muddy colors in landscape work, when they would indignantly disclaim any admiration for the beautiful and sincere effects of the impressionists.

Monet and others of his school claim that their art is a link in the chain of true French art, and that their aim is to preserve the traditions of the French School. They naturally dislike the teachings of the Academy because they feel that it has assumed a Romanized standard tinctured with pseudo-classical flavors at variance with the real teachings of nature.

It is necessary now to take a backward glance. Much stress has been laid upon the precursors of the impressionists, Watteau, Lorrain, Turner, Bonington, and all the rest. As a matter of fact, landscape-painting is a comparatively modern art, and its followers have for years been trying to solve the problems of light and sunshine and how to portray them. When the impressionists stepped out from the shadows and taught men what a high key really meant, a great step in advance was taken. Boudin, though classed with the impressionists, was really a link between the old school and the new. His pictures were glowing tributes to nature, generally of a soft pearly gray quality, but painted in the old manner of mixing the colors upon the palette. Manet, also wrongfully classed with the impressionist movement, was a revolutionist against the old forms, but in a different way. The ignominy and abuse which he suffered were so acute that they almost broke his spirit, and he died on the threshold of the *plein air* movement, in which he was just beginning to be interested. Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Berthe Morisot, Renoir, Cézanne, and Degas were the true impressionists, and they have had many followers.

In their efforts after some solution of the problem of the composition of light, these artists were aided by many investigations of scientific writers. It had already been found that lights and pigments did not mix with the same result, green and red pigments, for instance, producing gray, while green and red lights produced yellow. It remained for the impressionists to originate such a technique as would enable them to paint with the colors of the rainbow and combine them in such a manner upon the canvas as to convey to the eye the effect of the desired color and tone. More

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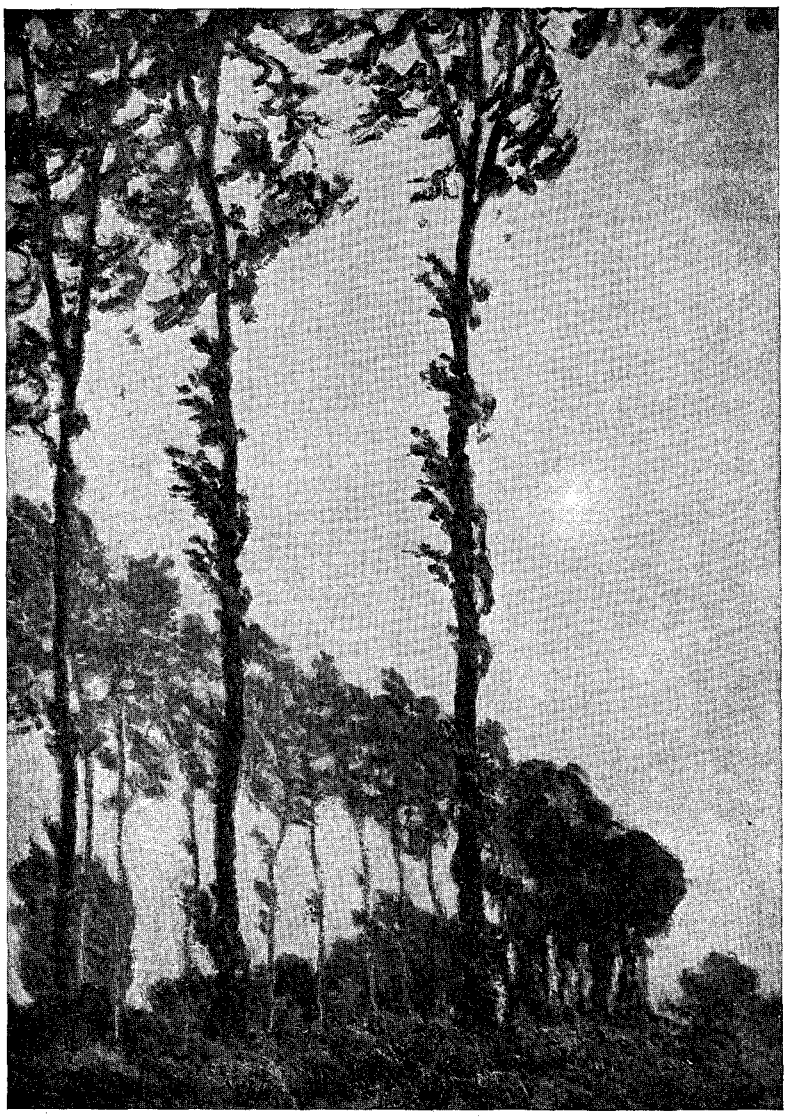
than this, the impressionists treated shadows as light of different color and value from the high lights, and not as if they were due to an absence of color and light.

It is significant that one of the first painting in London, and he further said that if Durand-Ruel would buy some of the young artist's work, he, Daubigny, would take the canvases in return for what Durand-Ruel might be indebted to Daubigny. The young painter was



POPLARS—EFFECT OF WIND
Painted in 1891

among the great contemporary artists to appreciate the new school was Daubigny. In 1870 he was painting scenes on the Thames, in London. It so happened that Durand-Ruel and Monet were there at the same time, and Daubigny told Durand-Ruel of a young artist of talent Monet, and when he appeared with several pictures under his arm, Durand-Ruel purchased two or three, and thus began his active interest in the Impressionist School.

In Paris the little group of revolutionary painters gathered frequently in the

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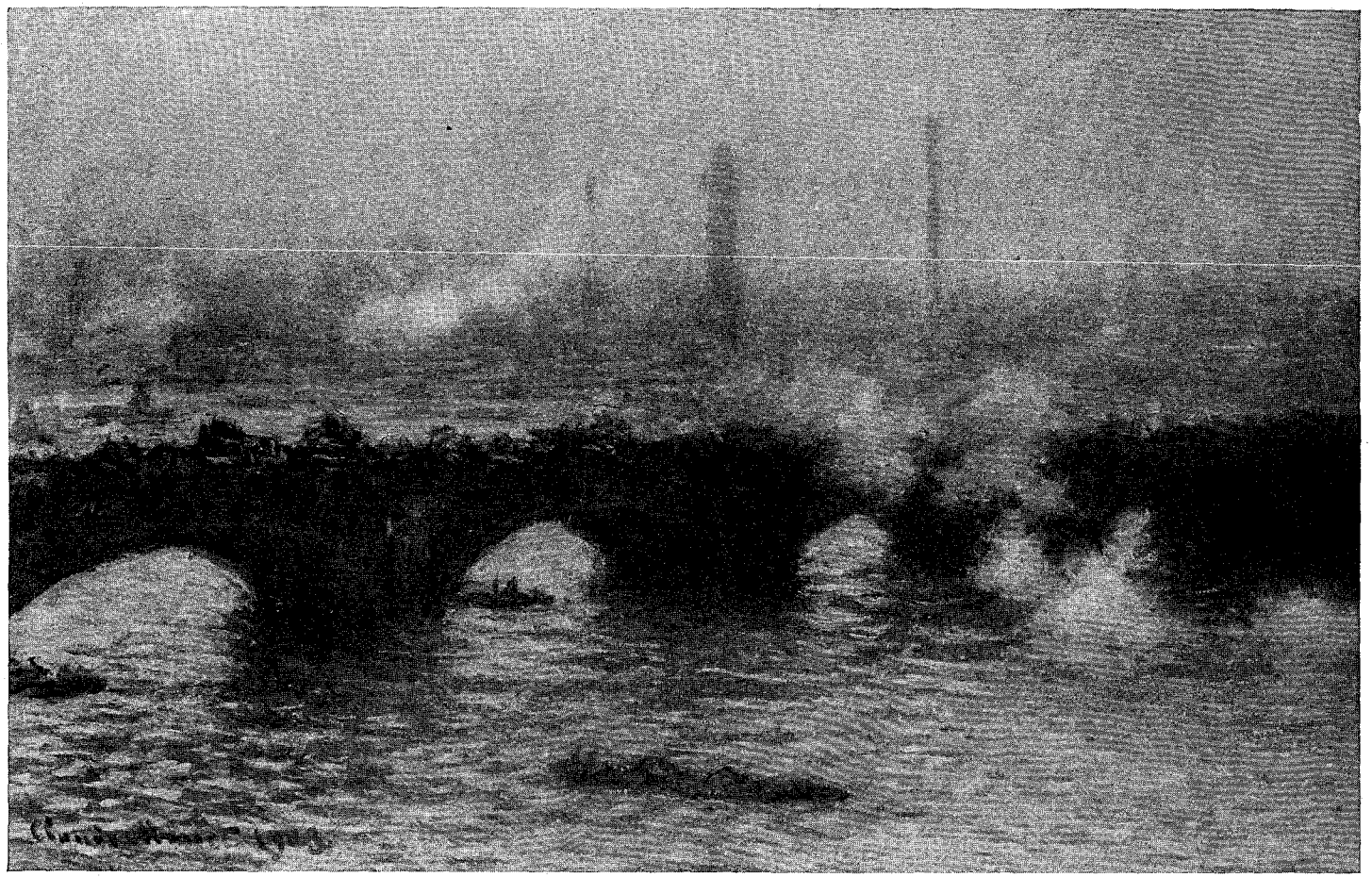

WATERLOO BRIDGE

One of the Thames series, painted in 1903

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Café Guerbois, where they discussed their researches into the separation of colors, and other puzzling questions of the new art. Of course their efforts were derided, and they were treated with every kind of calumny. The effects of their technique were so different from the smooth painting of the schools that it aroused the heartiest opposition. The world mistook the rough effects of the new art for haphazard and incomplete "impressions." The Empress Eugénie had already requested that Manet's beautiful canvases should be removed from public exhibition. They shocked her nerves. The art world lashed itself into a maelstrom of passion, and clashes between the admirers and opponents of the new art movements were frequent; even duels were fought, accompanied by a suspicion of bloodshed.

Thirty years have now passed, and the grass is growing green on the graves of many of the active participants, some having covered themselves with glory, though battling against fearful odds; others have complacently accepted the teachings of the new school, while others have already begun to see the light of a new movement dawning upon the horizon which is to obscure the teachings of the impressionists and bury them in the dead history of the past. Among the most active of the latter is Camille Mauclair, who only yesterday published one of the most impassioned panegyrics on the art of the impressionists.

In 1886 Durand-Ruel brought a large number of impressionist pictures to America, and in the first exhibition in New York, held under the auspices of the American Art Association, forty-one Monets were shown, together with others of his school. The first exhibition entirely devoted to the display of Monet's pictures was held in the St. Botolph Club of Boston in March, 1892. At that time twenty-one of his pictures were owned in the Puritan city. About seven years previously the writer called public attention to the wonderful works of the master, which could then be obtained for a modest sum, and he was hooted at as a crazy admirer of a crazy movement; but gradually he has had the satisfaction of seeing a large number of Monet's pictures collected in this country. In New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia it is not unusual to find many examples gathered under one roof. Mr. James F. Sutton has perhaps fifty examples, and among them some beautiful canvases. Another gentleman in New York has twenty-five, and there is a collection of twenty-five in Chicago. The writer once asked an enthusiastic admirer of Monet's work how he first became interested. He replied that he considered all landscape work as bad, but that he thought Monet's was less bad than the others, so he had invested in them freely. He said further that he was sometimes astonished at some wonderful interpretation of nature from Monet's brush, and that on looking around for the effect he invariably found it in nature, and always with surprise that he could have passed it by all his life without the ability to observe it.

No sketch of Monet or his art would be considered at all complete without a few words about his life. In this rapid survey the facts must necessarily be made as brief as possible. He was born in Paris, November 14, 1840. When Monet was a child, the family moved to Havre. There was the usual opposition to an art career. Monet's earliest success was as a caricaturist; then followed Boudin's influence; the journey to Paris to enter a studio; the meeting with Pissarro; the army life, with its two years of service in Algiers; the sickness and return to France, and the reconciliation of his family to an art career. All of these facts have been fully discussed and need not be dwelt upon here.

When Monet entered Gleyres's studio in obedience to the wishes of his family, he met Bazille, Sisley, and Renoir. The teachings of academical art were irksome to these free spirits, and they soon rebelled. Bazille and Monet took a studio together. The former was a most talented artist, but he lost his life in the war which soon followed. The others entered that new art movement which was destined to enroll their names among the immortals.

We know all about the history that followed, how each of the little group of *plein air* painters made his own way,

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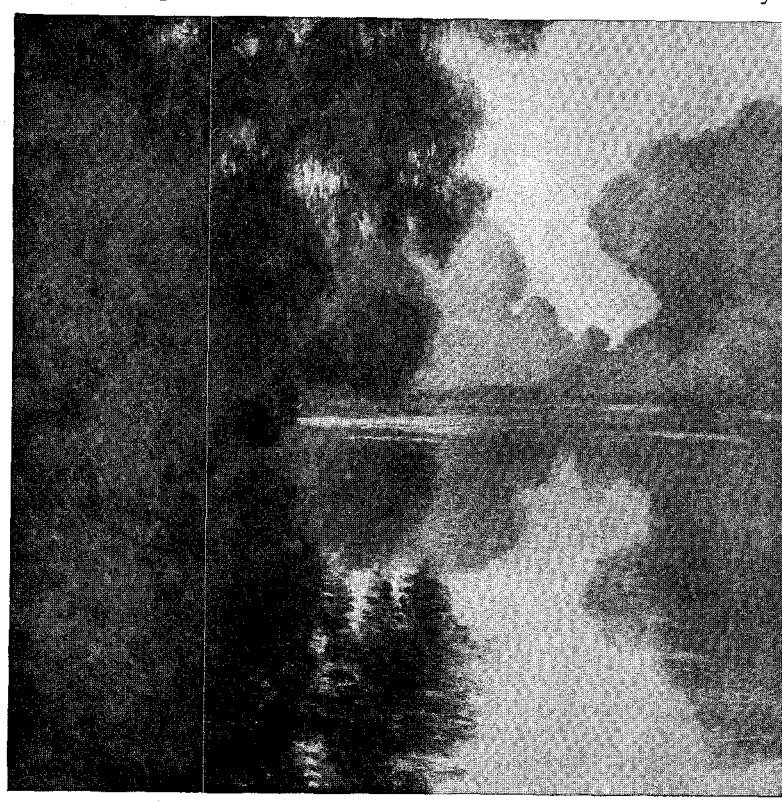
guided by his own individuality. Monet has never swerved from the course entered in 1865, but has gone on with perseverance and steady courage through the succeeding years, his powers ripening and his style broadening and deepening until he has reaped the reward of his faithful work. He has lived not only to taste the sweets of success, but to see his influence felt all over the art world.

Perhaps no artist has felt more fully than Monet the bitter disappointment due to lack of appreciation. He has known what it is to have the iron enter his soul, to be misunderstood by his fellow-men and ridiculed by the masses.

Manet once visited him when he was in a particularly despondent condition, and afterwards wrote to a friend that Monet was anxious to sell twenty of his pictures at one hundred francs each. Manet, who had independent means of his own, pointed out that it was a good time to make an investment in good pictures at a ridiculously low price. The contrast between Monet's life then and now is remarkable. He has a large income, and lives surrounded by every comfort. A just reward has come to him, as it so seldom does to the artist who follows a new path. His career has been one of unswerving devotion to his youthful aspirations. His love for nature and capacity for observation and improvement apparently have not decreased with his years.

Giverny, the home of the artist, is near the junction of the Epte and the Seine, where broad meadows lend an atmospheric effect to the surrounding landscapes. The village is a typical French hamlet, composed of a few straggling farm-houses, united upon a narrow street bounded by old gray walls. It stands back from the Seine, and is most easily reached from Vernon, a station upon the railway which threads the valley. It was thither that the writer repaired one charming day in the summer of 1900. Monet had sent a carriage to Vernon, and the short drive to Giverny through



MORNING ON THE SEINE
Painted in 1897

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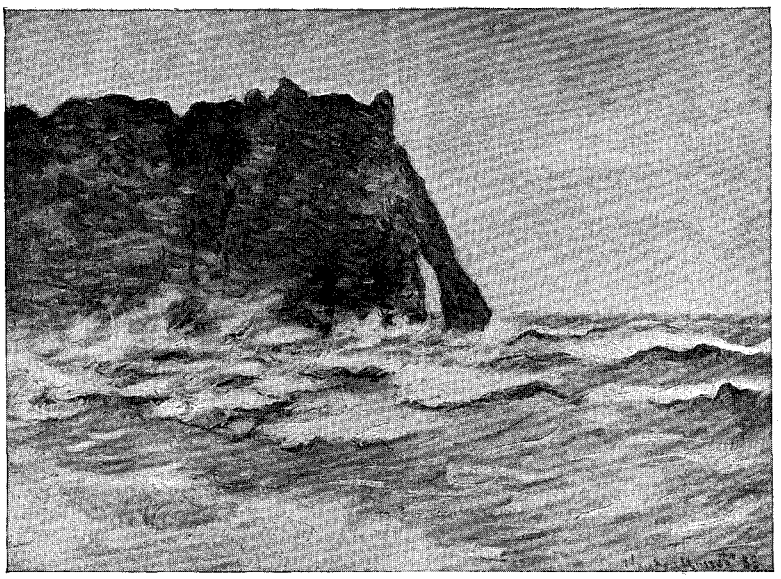

ÉTRETAT
Painted in 1883

the pink-tinted landscapes of this beautiful country which the artist has made famous soon brought the writer to his door. His appearance makes at once a favorable impression; he has a sturdy physique, a fine head and flowing beard, and there are little distinctions in his dress which challenge attention. The shirt was ruffled at the neck, breast, and wrists, and the trousers were buttoned close to the leg from the knee to the ankle.

The house looks out upon a superb garden which is the joy of the artist. Here he lovingly tends his flowers and watches the changes from season to season. A large studio in the grounds, as well as one in the house, contains an attractive collection of impressions from the different countries he has visited. These pictures are valued by the artist for some association or effect, and if they are ever offered to the world they will be eagerly sought for by amateurs and dealers.

Giverny is often crowded by the admirers of Monet's work, just as in previous decades the little school at Fontainebleau was invaded by visitors from different parts of the world, drawn hither by the revolutionary work of the Barbizon painters. Monet does not much relish this hero-worship, and keeps in seclusion as far as possible, reserving his strength for his great life-work. He is probably one of the most ardent students of nature in his generation. No one else seems to have known how at the same time to see so much and to restrain the hand so well in recording what he sees. Many strive to imitate, but imitation will not produce a master; the effects of nature must first be seen and understood and then transcribed; a study of technique will never win the battle.

As we sat at lunch, surrounded by Mme. Monet and the children, in a beautiful room decorated with Japanese prints and overlooking the garden, the writer could hardly restrain a mental comparison between the affluence and even touches of luxury which were everywhere evident, with the many years of conflict and struggle against indifference and ridicule.

A few words as to Monet's subjects; they are all interesting, because taken directly from nature. The majority of artists develop a distinct fondness for some favorite aspect of nature or some particular composition or form of expression, which results often in a strong similarity in all of their works. Not so, however, with Monet; at one time he is wandering along the cliffs at Étretat or Pourville and painting their rugged

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forms, at another he is gazing on the snow-clad fjords of Norway and earnestly transcribing their chilly splendors; again, he is reveling in the balmy loveliness of Bordighera, Monte Carlo, or Antibes, and immortalizing their sunny beauty; again, he is impressed with the solemn majesty of the ravines and mountains of the Creuze, and soon afterwards we have the pleasure of an exhibition of one of his "Series" pictures of the hills and foaming torrents.

For many years Monet has been absorbed with the changing appearance of the same objects seen in different seasons and under different lights. Without design on the part of the artist, the practice of painting these different effects has given birth to what are now known as the "Series" pictures. For instance, early in his career Monet was delighted with the rare sight of floating ice on the Seine, and he painted this subject many times, giving rise to what is known as the "Glaçons" Series, mostly painted in 1880. One of the most distinguished of this series is now owned in New York. It is about five feet in length, and full of atmosphere and perspective. The banks of the river fade into the mist, and on the surface of the water fields of floating ice pass ever on into the distance.

In none of Monet's work has the effect of diffused light been painted more beautifully than in some of the "Haystack Series." A remarkable example of the artist's power in this direction was shown in one of the pictures from the collection of Mrs. Potter Palmer. The stacks were painted while they were slightly covered with a coating of snow, and in the face of a brilliant red and yellow sunset. In Mr. James F. Sutton's collection is a still more remarkable picture of haystacks in winter, surrounded with a white and delicate atmospheric effect.

Besides the above, we have the "Poplar Series," exhibited in 1892, the "Matinée Series," delicate morning studies of trees overhanging the Seine, and the "Cathedral Series." The latter is perhaps as widely known and admired as any of the "Series" groups. They represent the façade of the Cathedral at Rouen under different conditions. In a letter to a friend, Monet wrote that he painted these pictures "in great discomfort, looking out of a shop window opposite the cathedral, so there is nothing interesting to tell you except the immense difficulty of the task, which took me three years to accomplish." The shop alluded to was a little curiosity shop on the southwest side of the "Place," and it boasted the title "Au Caprice." There are now possibly thirty-five of the Cathedral pictures in existence.

The "Creuze Series" of mountain pictures was painted in the valley of the Creuze, in the center of France. They are generally dark in tone, and most carefully studied in every detail. In 1889 the writer saw fourteen of them hanging together in a French exhibition. They are now owned entirely outside of France.

We can do little more than mention the groups belonging to the "Falaise," "Belle-Isle," "Dieppe," and "Water Lily Series." Quite recently we have had the "Thames Series," representing the mysteries of the London fogs. They are divided into three groups, that of the "Waterloo Bridge," the "Charing Cross Bridge," and the "Houses of Parliament." Across the Waterloo highway bridge, which is composed of masonry arches, rolls the traffic of the city; across the Charing Cross Railway girders pass locomotives puffing their smoke; and the Houses of Parliament, in old rose or yellow, shine out of the fogs and enveloping mists of the river. In producing these marvelous works Monet made more than one hundred pictures, destroying and combining them into the final series of thirty-seven pictures which were given to the public. They come nearer to being a studio series than any of the rest of the master's efforts.

A careful and prolonged study of the Thames pictures will convince the critic that it would have been impossible for Monet to have produced these pictures in an earlier part of his career. They required a more refined technique and a more cultivated perception, which has come only with time and experience. They are really carried along further, to use a common expression, than any of his other works. The problem which he

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attempted to solve was a most difficult one; at first glance the beholder gazes at what seems to be a half-finished picture, but gradually, as the eye penetrates the fog, objects begin to appear, one by one, just as in reality they mysteriously dominate the fog.

A candid study of all these great creations, embracing a wide range of subjects and many of them peculiarly difficult to transcribe upon the canvas, will convince the worshiper of nature that Monet is a faithful slave to her teachings and that he acknowledges no other master. From dawn to sunset, and in all kinds of weather, he has followed her changing moods, and endeavored faithfully to reproduce them, often dissatisfied because his own efforts were so far short of the things which he saw, but ever earnestly striving to master the difficult problems of his art, and as diligently as at the threshold of his career.

From the charming and elusive effects of the early studies at Argenteuil to the strong and vigorous draughtsmanship of the Normandy cliffs, and from the shimmering lights along the Mediterranean shores to the rugged mountains of Norway, with their white heads shrouded in snow and ice, we have in Monet the great reformer against the narrow bondage of academical rules, and the conscientious devotee of nature who has tried to paint her as she is.

Monet's fame is now established on the broad foundation of an international reputation. His pictures are admired and studied by artists in every land, and amateurs deny themselves to possess his works. Exhibitions of his handicraft are held now in Berlin, now in Paris, now in New York, and now in London, as circumstances may dictate; but in seeming indifference to it all, the artist, who sends his pictures neither to Salon nor to Exhibition, and apparently takes but passing notice of his fame, still occupies himself with his garden, his family, and his art.

Miracles

By Clarence H. Urner

What prescient mortal knows
Whence springs the music of the note
That gushes from the songster's throat?
What soul by musing may disclose
The mystery of the garden? How the rose
Scents every wind that blows?

What bosom ever knew
Wherein the splendor of the dream,
Or beauty of the rainbow's beam?
And whence the mastery of the dew
That grasps with impulse strong and true
A heaven of gold and blue?

What passionate longing brings
The mystic vision large and free
That gives the prophet power to see
Beneath the outer husk of things,
To soar on far-off journeyings
Without the gift of wings?

What wisdom may reveal
The miracle of the poet's art
That fires his brain and stirs his heart?
And whence the secret of his zeal
That dares provoke a world to feel
His plaintive song's appeal?

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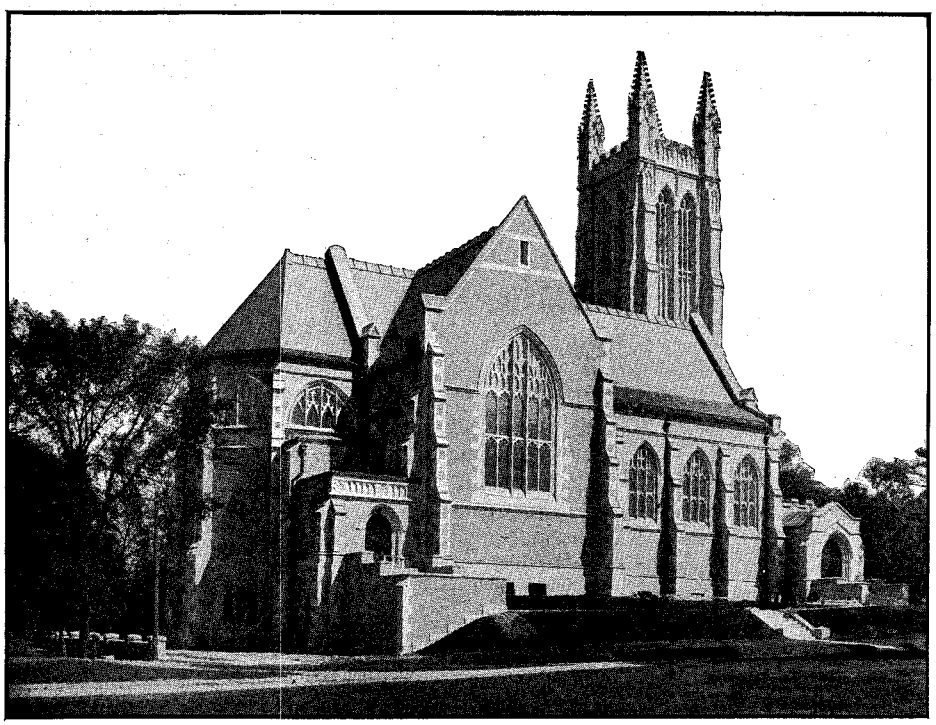

A Noble College Chapel

FREDERICK Ferris Thompson, of New York City, who died in 1899, was a benefactor and trustee of Williams College. His widow, Mrs. Mary Clark Thompson, in erecting a noble chapel as a memorial, has realized one of his many desires for the growth and equipment of the College. The chapel stands on the north side of the campus, between Griffin and Hopkins Halls, devoted to the uses of instruction and administration, while opposite are dormitories, the library, the old chapel, and gymnasium. Its position symbolizes, therefore, the idea expressed at the laying of the corner-stone—that true education must have religion as its center. This is further marked by the majestic tower which arrests and fixes the attention. It does this, not only by its height of one hundred and fifty feet, but also by its mass and successful proportions. Crowned with battlements and crocketed pinnacles, it is the most conspicuous feature of the college campus as well as of the whole countryside. The view from its summit will give to many a Williams alumnus an unexpected revelation of the landscape with which he deems himself so familiar. Impressive as it is from the village street, its beauty and significance are felt possibly more from the upland meadows south of Weston Field, where it is seen rising above the trees, reminding us of those familiar views of Magdalen tower at Oxford. It is not, indeed, a reproduction of this, but of St. Cuthbert's tower at Wells, in the southwest of England.

The type of architecture chosen for the chapel is the English parish church of the Perpendicular Gothic style, as revived by the elder Pugin and his associates toward the middle of the nineteenth century. This has been adhered to with great consistency in plan and detail, except in the form of the apse. Its most easily recognizable features are in the window, where the mullions go from the sill to the very top of the arch, and in the general predominance of

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unbroken vertical lines. Since the tower is placed at one of the angles, a cloistered arcade is carried along the front, connecting the main, or tower, entrance with the porch at the opposite angle. Above the arcade the wall is pierced by a window of moderate size, and ends, as do the transept walls, in plain gables, broken only here to indicate the interior division into aisles.

The axis of the church is nearly north and south. It is in the form of a Latin cross, the nave having four bays and the transept one bay in extension. Beyond the crossing projects a polygonal apse, which, as the ground slopes away sharply at the north end, is supported on a mass of solid masonry, reinforced by terrace walls, that make altogether an imposing effect. A low porch in the northwest angle of choir and transept, surmounted by a parapet, gives entrance to this part of the church. The angles and bays are accented by prominent buttresses, which along the nave reach only to the string-course above the windows, and thus strengthen the impression conveyed by the break in the slope, that the great roof is really supported upon an inner wall.

The whole exterior is treated with great simplicity. Ornament is confined mainly to conventional carving in the spandrills of the small arches, to the ball flowers in the string-course just mentioned, to the decoration of the parapets, and the effective arrangement of the two kinds of stone of which the exterior walls are built—Indiana limestone and Germantown stone. Only around and above the tower entrance has the imager been given somewhat freer hand; two heads look down upon those entering, while within a sculptured tabernacle the figure of Hope raises its finger to the sky. This simplicity no doubt emphasizes the solid architecture which is no less characteristic of the best Perpendicular than "the sumptuous decorativeness" that many English parish churches exhibit. It should accord with the environment of rugged hill and plain New England village, and typify a manly and resolute Christianity.

The cloister through which we approach the chapel is spacious enough to prevent any precipitate disturbance of the atmosphere of worship—the light is ample, and it has a well-designed flat ceiling of oak, necessarily low, but thereby suggestive of the half-forgotten virtue of humility. The first impression as we

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enter the door, before the eye can wander to details, is one of solemn and quiet withdrawal from the world, of almost virginal seclusion, conveyed by the pure whiteness of the stone, and the extent of plain surfaces which bring the parts and their ornament into clear detachment. This impression is furthered by the columns ranged on either side of the nave, which are surmounted by tall figures of the angels of adoration and judgment, of the annunciation and the resurrection. On the entrance-wall are two figures symbolizing the fair and beneficent forces of the earth—Flora and Ceres; they stand on pedestals supported by carved corbels. Between them is the inscription, with vine border, "Erected to the glory of God and in memory of Frederick Ferris Thompson." Above the inscription is the memorial window designed and executed, as are all but the two brought from the old chapel, by the Hardmans, of Birmingham. The central group is Christ and the children, with Charity and Mercy in the adjoining lights. In the windows of the nave are portrayed the Apostles and martyrs, with heroes of the Church and promoters of Christian civilization. In the eastern transept the forces of earth and air are symbolized; the western holds the "missionary window." The windows of the apse are filled with angels playing on various musical instruments. The color in all the windows is thin, so as to allow sufficient light in those portions of the year when the chapel will be in use. The effect is exceedingly harmonious, and preserves throughout a desirably cheerful interior.

Under the windows the wall is divided by a string-course carved into Scripture texts. A flight of five steps leads to the level of the pulpit and reading-desk, beyond which are choir stalls on either side; two more ascend to the inner apse; both floors are laid in mosaic of rich design. The polygonal shape of the apse affords opportunity for an elegant ribbed vaulting in stone, though it emphasizes that Roman arrangement against which the English Gothic of the Middle Age struggled with victorious issue. The stalls and pews are of dark oak, and a hammer-beam roof, with stone corbels under the wall-pieces, covers transepts and nave. This is of unnecessarily heavy design, but not without a certain sumptuousness of effect.

The architect, Francis Richmond Allen, has made a noble addition to academic architecture in this country; and with builders, sculptors, and stone-carvers has created a work of singular beauty, designed in pious affection and dedicated to the worship of the Most High. As the mellow chimes of the ten bells hung aloft in the mighty tower flow over the peaceful Berkshire village, they will carry the suggestion of Him whose life was an endeavor to express the spirit of that angelic word—"Good will to men."

Midsummer

By Elisabeth Woodbridge

There are sounds of summer that importune,
Teeming, insistent insect life,
Rhythmical, ceaseless, rank and rife;
But the spirit of summer finds its word
Where the tiger-lilies are drowsily stirred
By the hum and the hum of the humming-bird
In the heart of an August noon.

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The Public School Programmes

By Andrew S. Draper

Commissioner of Education for the State of New York

ONE can hardly fail to see that a National system of popular education—that is, a school system which is common throughout the country and essentially and characteristically American—is growing out of the thought of the people and the doings of the schools. Neither the Dutch nor the Puritans nor any other one people brought a school system which they did not possess, ready-made for the convenient use of a great cosmopolitan democracy which they did not foresee. Each people brought as good scholarship as they had; each brought the traditions and outlook of their fathers; and each sought better opportunities in a new land and brought good purposes about what was to be. That was the very best they could do toward the making of a new nation. But we have been doing things, and the doing of things has gone further in shaping a National educational system than all of the gifts which thousands of shiploads of immigrants have put down upon our shores. American pioneers from oversea brought much and thought much, but they had to learn in this country, and out of their mixing with other peoples, the American educational gospel that every child must have a suitable school, and that not only the success of our democracy, but the skill, thrift, fortunes, thinking, and happiness of the people, and therefore the moral greatness of the Nation, depend upon providing such a school for every child and making sure that he goes to it.

In living up to this doctrine we have undertaken more than any other nation. We are committed to the proposition that every child shall have the utmost of educational opportunity and at the public cost. By a "suitable" school we mean the school that he will use best up to the limit of his possibilities. Other lands rival us in the number and efficiency of their elementary schools, and many distance us in exacting regular attendance. Some other lands go before us in the breadth and power and spirit of their universities, but their elementary schools are for one class and one purpose and their higher schools for another class and another purpose. No other land makes such determined efforts to bind the whole Nation together through the schools. The National purpose is to provide a primary school for every child, to keep the way from the kindergarten to the university continuous and wide open, and to encourage all children to follow it to the very end. It is all in the interest of National unity and oneness of feeling.

In other lands only favored boys go to college, and these favored boys are prepared for college in favored schools. The work of preparing the boys of the higher classes for college is separate and apart from the work of the schools for the masses. The common impulse of this country, on the other hand, is against favoritism for any one. All of our boys, and girls too, are led to think about going to college, and great numbers of them are going. The poor as well as the rich go to college in America. The colleges now afford industrial as well as classical training. Our colleges are now giving more support than our elementary schools to our industries. The burden of the preparation for college falls largely upon the people's common schools. Secondary schools or college preparatory schools are now very generally "common schools." Those schools give better support to the literary and philosophical than to the industrial side of college work. No matter how the public schools balance their support of the different sides of college work, the necessity of preparing students for college, the fact that the colleges judge their work, quickens their impulses and widens their outlook. It does more: it affects their organization; it changes their programmes of work; it puts added weight at new points. Does it, by unexpected but inevitable effect, discriminate

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against those children of the masses who will go no further than the primary schools? The situation makes it necessary for our school men to say that the work of the schools must be the same for children of the same age in preparation for college and in preparation for life, but *is* it? Are we doing as much to make the youngsters who must go to work productive and happy in the conditions in which they must live, as we are doing to make those who may go to college fruitful and contented in what they hope to do? Even more, are the public schools doing what they may to sustain the later and surely an all-important development in the offerings of the universities on the industrial lines?

These are difficult questions, which will not down. They are peculiar to America. Other nations, with their favored classes otherwise provided for, have no difficulty in making a simple school programme suited to the needs of their working people. The children of their laboring classes have the same general qualities and the same expectations in life. They do not think of going to college. They expect to work with their hands all their lives. The national thought is that they must be able to read and write and figure a little, and do the same kind of work and live the same kind of lives that their fathers and mothers did. The children accept that thought. No one thinks of breaking through the simple programme. It is settled by the government and is infallible.

Nor is that all. The course of the State and the thought of the people (in England, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries, with which we most readily compare) find every child, in the farming regions and in the largest cities, in school when he ought to be there. That is true not only of children between fixed ages, but it continues until the simple programme of the schools has been mastered to the satisfaction of professional teachers who represent the State. The schools are adapted to the thought and life of the people, and, within their limits, they are efficient.

It is very different in America. We are trying to diversify the work of the schools so as to meet the circumstances of all classes in all places, and promote the attainment of all purposes; but we certainly do seem to gravitate toward soft hands and intellectual employments. In the public schools we assume too quickly that opportunity and greatness are outside of the mechanical industries. Even when we do pretend to teach children to work with their hands, we are wont to declare that it is not so much to get the work done or to prepare them for more work as it is to quicken their wits and sharpen their minds in the interests of exclusively intellectual pursuits.

Our school programmes are not set by a National minister of education, and therefore are not uniform throughout the country. They are made by local officers and teachers, who often find it easier to give way to aggressive sentimentalism, which is plentiful, than to resist sentimental demands when no one helps the resisting.

This is a very free country. We stop some people—not enough—from doing a few things toward which they unhappily incline, but it seems to be thought presumptuous to undertake to compel anybody to do anything. This includes requiring children to go to school. The result is that the habit of going regularly to school is not settled in the thought of the people, and there are several great nations whose percentage of illiteracy is much below that of any American State.

But there is another side to this. The troubles about the schools come from conditions and a political philosophy which are peculiarly American. It is the giving of the equal chance to all that raises "problems" for our schools. It is idle to say that all are not entitled to an equal chance, or that any are better off without it. That was settled, and settled right, long ago. It will not be unsettled. It compels diversification in school programmes. The schools are not—and are not to be—for the rich alone, nor yet for the poor alone. The schools have to be suitable for all.

Evils grow out of making programmes by piecemeal, as well as from making them for all. Some of these evils may be corrected, but others lie in statutes enacted

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by the Legislature at the instance of interested parties, and are practically beyond mitigation by any school authority, general or local.

The flexibility of the school system, its adaptiveness to all conditions, is its unique quality and its chief glory. The State, through the taxing power, establishes the minimum service which the schools must render. It is the same in every part of the State; then the locality may go as much farther as it will. Buoyancy, intelligence, pride, and wealth have their outlet and their opportunity. It leads to some looseness, it raises some "problems," it brings out some complaints, but it makes tremendously for homogeneity, for versatility, and for power in the Nation.

The school system is not the Government's system, but it is the people's system. Neither the Government nor the boards of education nor the superintendents or teachers are so disposed to put everything into the schools as the people are. They have the sense of proprietorship, and want to make the best of it. Singly, parents will complain about what their children have to do, but collectively they will support everything that may open another opportunity for any child.

Every experienced school man knew that the recent newspaper outcry against "frills and fads" in the city of New York would quickly collapse. It has had its hour in every other large city that has a good school system, and then speedily collapsed. It was late in New York because New York was late in developing a school system that could sustain its swift and complex life. The surprising thing was that so many good people were disturbed and that so many newspapers which ordinarily divine weather signs rather closely mistook a bit of a breeze for a cyclone.

All the same, the programmes *are* overloaded. The schools are eating more than they are digesting. The teachers are not prepared to teach properly all that falls upon them. The time is not sufficient for it; the children are confused and the parents are confounded by it. Less work, more definite work, and the more exact and complete doing of it, would be better for the thinking and doing of each child in the long run. Moreover, the schools seem to miss an important fact in living and a fundamental principle in American political theory. That is, that one who reads correctly, thinks rationally, writes legibly, and works happily with his hands in the doing of things, is a stronger man, a preferable associate, and a safer citizen than the one who gets more training in the schools and then finds little or nothing to do. Work, sustained work, productive work, no matter whether mental or manual, is what makes good men and good citizens. It is simply imperative to establish the principle that a man who has mastered the rudiments of education so that he can understand and reason, who has acquired sound purposes and established agreeable relations with his fellows, and who has a love for hand labor, is the peer of any man in the land, and above any man, no matter what his accomplishments, who ties to nothing and produces nothing.

In some way this all-important principle does not find recognition and expression in the programmes of the schools. There is too much that is only culturing at the expense of too much that is vital to productive doing. While we are giving every one his chance for something great, there is danger of not training all for something real. Culture is surely desirable, but not at the cost of substance. We are turning things about too much. Culture which does not come from doing is at second-hand and superficial—hardly skin-deep. Accomplishment, either manual or mental, makes the only real culture, and it is as deep as the soul.

Such phases of manual training as have been introduced into the elementary grades of the public schools are too lacking in reality, in seriousness, and in substantial result. The public manual-training high schools seem, too generally, more for amusement and relaxation than for accomplishment. The school "shops" hardly seem like shops. The tiring work which makes the man, the results which give enthusiasm to labor, seem wanting.

The schools will yet cost more than now if the work which seems as desirable for the industrial masses—as much

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that we now have is desirable for those who are to follow intellectual pursuits—is ever completely installed; but there are places in the school system where the ease with which money is obtained is a positive disadvantage to the quality of the work, or at least to the highest service of that work to the children who are to do it.

The American school system was amused and it was complimented by the criticism of one of the members of the Mosely Commission from England, who reported that in American schools the teachers were too well dressed and everything about the rooms was too spick and span for real, every-day work. Doubtless wider observation might have overcome his apprehension in some measure. He may have not expressed accurately the real impression upon his mind. It is true, however, that the freedom with which money is given for schools leads many a teacher to search catalogues for books and appliances which would look well in the school-room, and to spend his energy in getting the money to buy them, when it would be better to let intensive work demonstrate the need of the appliances or open opportunity for his ingenuity. A teacher with a plethora of appliances may encounter the same danger which menaces a young man who never knows the need of money and lacks the conditions which will best sharpen his wits.

There is undoubtedly a very common sentiment among thinking Americans that our primary schools do not do what they might to give the children of the hand-working masses what they most need. It may have considerable justification. It comes from having the rich and the poor, the cultured and the crude, in the schools, and from attempting so much. But let none forget that the very causes which provoke the criticism are themselves developing the most unique, the distinctive power-producing educational system of the world. Remembering that, and putting nothing in the way of it, it seems very desirable that there be some simplifying of programmes and devices and methods and theories in the interest of clarity and definiteness. The political security and the industrial power of the Nation seem to demand imperatively some revision of the work and the methods and the feelings of the schools in the direction of a more simple and exact training, with more serious industrial features, for the children of the working millions. It seems desirable whether they are preparing for college or preparing for work.

Such revision is very difficult to make. It cannot be made by the newspapers, or the preachers, or the legislatures, or even by the boards of education, although it cannot be made without their concurrence and aid. If made at all, it must be by the men and women of the schools. They will do it, if public sentiment will indicate to them the desirability of doing it and will support them in the doing of it. But it might as well be said at once that, even with every care, industrial training is expensive. Such revision might save some time and money at some points, but the addition of real industrial training would necessarily involve more cost at others. But that is only incidental and not the real question.

Perhaps Hampton and Tuskegee have some lessons of wide application in American education. Established to meet a grave National peril, sustained by gifts and forced to every economy, sobered by responsibility and ripened by struggles, they are educating large numbers, both academically and industrially, at a minimum of cost, with the attendant advantages of simple living, and through such real work as makes men and women. That is what we need North and South, East and West.

We are developing a National system of education, but obviously enough there are many difficulties yet to be met. It will be so while the Nation lives; but the spirit of our democracy is determined, and it will meet them. That is just what we Americans are for—to do things and meet the difficulties that grow out of the doing.

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A Crown of Gold

By Alice Brown

MIRABEL stood in the kitchen door, on an April day, waiting for her husband to come in from the barn, where he had been unharnessing after his trip to town. It was noon, and her dinner-table, in exquisite order, stood waiting for them. A beef soup of the old-fashioned kind, with onions and dumplings, bubbled on the stove. Mirabel knew he would be content. Pleasure was too strong a word for anything Harrison might feel. He had no commendations to express more than a sober certainty that she would do things as perfectly as they could be done. He thought exceedingly well of Mirabel, but there was no throb of surprise over any miracle she could offer him from time to time. She stood there on the doorsill swaying from one foot to the other in a childish way she had, her face half smiling in a quivering response to the bright spring weather. It made her feel quite strangely, as if she were a little girl, with no tasks, only to laugh and sit in the sun. Yet she liked her work. Only there was a part of her that seemed to be always flying abroad over the boughs, or singing irresponsible things like the bluebirds, now in their nesting fervor. From the sky she looked down at her blue calico and wondered if it were becoming, and then sighed impatiently because there was no way to find out. Mirabel looked quite unlike any of the girls in the neighborhood or any girl she had ever seen. She had a skin so delicate that the sun seemed to scorch it, and a fine drooping profile. But what puzzled her most was that there were freckles on her nose, and that she had thick, heavy hair, bright bronze red and curling passionately, and that to her husband none of these things seemed to matter. Sometimes when she went into a room all by herself, and stood in front of the glass in wild self-scrutiny, it seemed to her that she had the prettiest neck and chin a girl ever had, and her hair was so glorious to her that she caught her breath. After such a meeting with herself she would look at Harrison when he came in from the barn and, flushing all over her delicate face, wonder if he would tell her how pretty she was. But he never told her. Not once in all their courting days had he mentioned how she looked to him, and they had begun their love-making so early that there had been hardly time for other men to speak of it. Sometimes Mirabel wondered if he took her looks for granted. Sometimes, with a sorry laugh, she wondered if he thought she was really too hideous, with her red hair, for anything but the homely uses of life, and if it was his kindness that made him keep that silence toward her. He was coming now from the barn, a straight, tall fellow with good brown eyes and a square chin. Mirabel sped in to the stove, and had the steaming dinner dished up before his feet could touch the sill. Harrison had an armful of packages. He laid them down on the kitchen lounge, swept off his hat with one motion of his hand, and with the other began to pump into the basin in the sink. He soused his head and face, and came out dripping. After a scrub at the towel by the door, he turned to Mirabel, waiting beside her plate.

"Well," said he, "you all right?"

That was deep affection. Mirabel knew it and her eyes glowed. But she answered soberly, because that contented him, and they sat down to eat. When Harrison had dulled the edge of appetite he sat back and sighed with satisfaction.

"Well," he said, "who do you s'pose I see in the post-office waitin' for the mail?"

"I don't know."

"Lucy Miles."

In spite of her the color flew up into Mirabel's tell-tale skin. She felt it there and chided herself for it.

"How's she look?" she asked, with a careful interest.

"Young as ever. Pretty, too."

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"How's she look, Harrison?" said Mirabel. "You know I never really see her."

"No, she was visitin' here when I used to see so much of her. That's what she's doin' now. Goin' to-morrer, she said."

"How's she look?" Mirabel repeated the question clearly, and turned candid eyes on him. She had no reason for being jealous over Lucy Miles. If Harrison had wanted her, she had many a time assured herself, he might have had her. But Harrison always called her pretty, and hearing that her heart ached and her lips grew mutinous.

Harrison was speculating over her question.

"Yes," he said, at length, "I guess Lucy's a mighty pretty girl, fur as looks go. She's got black eyes an' black hair an' a good skin, an' she's straight as an arrer. Yes, I guess there's no doubt but what Lucy's pretty. Got any pie?"

There was a custard pie, warm from the oven, and Harrison addressed himself to it with a fervor feminine beauty had not challenged in him. Mirabel ate a little of the brown skin on the top of her piece.

"You sick?" inquired Harrison, seeing it unfinished on her plate.

"No," she answered. "I ain't very hungry."

"Give it to me, then." He ate both pieces and rose with another sigh. But he came back from the door, on his way out again, hearing how Mirabel's step lagged, beating back and forth from table to pantry. "I guess you ain't very rugged to-day," said Harrison. He put a big hand on her shoulder and Mirabel brightened. "I'd lay down a spell."

Her spirits came back in a dancing troop. Her face dimpled delightfully. She bent her head and dropped a kiss on his sleeve.

"No," she said, "no. I ain't tired. I ain't ever tired, this weather. Only I got thinkin'."

"Well," said Harrison, kindly, and went on to the barn.

The days when Mirabel got thinking were not very frequent; but she was conscious all the time that she did want Harrison to like her looks. At least, she longed to know whether he did or not. It was partly hunger and partly curiosity, but between them they consumed her.

The next day the fever was still up on her, and when, in the morning, he told her he was going to the river pasture fencing, to be gone all day, she was glad. She could wash her long red hair, and then coil it up decently, and by the time he came home be ready to forget it and shake herself down into a new calmness. It was a sweet April morning with the warmth of May. Harrison looked at her almost regretfully as she ran out to give him his little packet of lunch, where he sat in the dingle cart, ready to go.

"I 'most wish you was comin', too," he mused. "Mebbe 'twould be kinder damp, though, settin' round outdoors all day long."

"I've got lots to do," said Mirabel, gaily. "Good-by. I'll have somethin' for supper 'long about six."

When the blue cart was bobbing away down under the old elm, she ceased to watch it, and ran indoors, because she meant to be so busy, and the outside sweetness tempted her. She hurried through her tasks, with a lick and a promise, as old Aunt Mag used to say, the vagabond aunt who had named her, and then got out the little keeler, and into a bath of warm suds let down her long, thick hair. It was a hard task for one pair of hands, but in half an hour she was sitting out in the yard in the full flood of sunlight, with the hair streaming over her shoulders, drying, and curling as it dried. She rubbed it, and played with it, and tossed it up to let the air blow through it, and when the bronze-red kinks, like growing things all alive, were clustering over her head, she still sat there, holding up the ends of it to let the sunlight in again.

"Good morning," said a voice.

Mirabel gave a little cry. She dropped her hair, and parted the golden fleece to look at him. She knew him at once. He was the man who boarded two miles away on the Sudleigh road, and put up his great umbrella in the midst of meadows, and sat there painting all day long. He was a short, stout man, with a grayish, pointed beard, and eyes set very

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far under straggly brows. He carried the umbrella closed, and other things she did not understand.

"Good morning," said he again. "I want to paint your hair."

Mirabel gathered it about her, this time like a mantle. She said nothing.

He was opening a camp-stool, and, without looking at her, he kept on talking.

"I guess you can give me a sitting, can't you? Give me all the time you've got to-day. I'm going away to-morrow. Wish I could stay longer, but I sail Saturday. I didn't know there was such hair within a hundred miles."

She half rose from her seat. He seemed kind, and also irresistible, but she felt like flying into the house, and doing her hair up tight and firm and not looking at it all day long.

"Come! come!" said he. "I can't waste a minute. Infernal fools not to tell me there was hair like that—" He stopped his grumbling and smiled at her.

At once Mirabel sat down in her chair, and timidly returned the smile.

"Why," said he, "you mustn't be afraid. You wouldn't be afraid to have your photograph taken, now would you?"

"No," said Mirabel, almost inaudibly.

"Well then! I only want to make a picture of your hair. Sit still, like a good girl, and let me do it." He had unstrapped other things. He was seated before her. She could not flee. But her face quivered a little. She felt as if she were going to cry. He had been dabbing colors on his palette, and now he leaned back and looked at her, his head on one side. She felt her chin trembling.

"That's right," he said. "Part it a little more away from your face. That's good. I want you to seem to be looking through it. There, that's exactly right." Then he began to work.

Mirabel's chin shook more and more, but he either did not see it, or he did not seem to mind. Suddenly he began talking. It might have been to himself, though it sounded partly as if he were reading from a book.

"Once upon a time there was a little girl, and she had red hair. Why!" he glanced at her with a queer surprise in his lifted eyebrows, "it was just like yours. Isn't that odd? Well, she went to school with other girls, and none of them had red hair. None of the boys had, except one, and his was a real carroty red, and he was all freckles. On his hands, too."

"Lester Pritchard!" called Mirabel. "How'd you know?" Her voice surprised her, it was so sharp and loud.

His eyes twinkled in their ambush.

"There's always one like that," he said. "Well, the girl kept on growing and growing and growing till she couldn't grow any longer, because she was grown up. And her hair kept growing and growing and growing, too, and it could always grow longer if it wanted to; but when it got the right length it stopped. But it was always red hair."

Mirabel was watching him keenly from her glistening covert.

"And," he said abruptly, "red hair's the prettiest hair there is. So that's all there is of that story. What's your name?"

She could answer now, though she would rather have stopped to think over the conclusion of the story.

"Mirabel May," she said. "My husband's name is Harrison May."

"Mirabel May. Who gave you such a pretty name?"

Mirabel jumped in her chair and her eyes gleamed out at him. She began to talk tumultuously. The barriers were down.

"Do you think it's a pretty name? My aunt gave it to me. She used to read story papers, an' lay round outdoors, mother said, an' she died as poor as a rat. Mother said they all said she would if she carried on so, but nothin' would stop her. I thought maybe 'twas a funny name. I thought maybe my hair was funny, too." She ceased, aghast at her own boldness, and gathered her hair again under her chin. The stranger was smiling at her kindly and pausing with his brush in air.

"Sit still," he said, as if he were gentling a horse. "I'll tell you another story. This is the story of the picture they made out of the red hair. Once

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upon a time there was a grown-up girl that had red hair. She looked just like you. Maybe it was you. One day an old man came limping along to her gate. He looked just like me. Maybe he was me. 'Hullo!' says he to himself. 'Here's a girl with red hair.' So he sat down and painted all day long, and the girl sat still, very still—don't wiggle round so. You'll hear the story if it's ever finished, and I guess it will be. And he painted all he could that day, and took the picture away with him, and painted some more as he remembered it, and he called the picture 'A Study in Red.' And everybody came to see it, and they all said 'Oh, my!' And all over the city they said 'Oh, my!' for two weeks by the clock, till the painter had to pack up his umbrella and his canvas and his camp-stool and run away because he was so deafened by hearing them say 'Oh, my!'"

Mirabel's cheeks were blooming rose with the wonder of the hour. She forgot Harrison. She forgot her bread rising. She forgot everything that had once belonged to her; so that now when the cat came and rubbed against her skirt, purring and setting a waving tail in air, she looked down as if it were an alien cat. It seemed as if this April day had been the one she had waited for and the stranger was an old friend come back from somewhere to talk things over. She began to talk herself, but she could think of only two things to say, though she had said them once already.

"I thought maybe my name was funny."

"Mirabel May," he repeated. "No! no! That isn't funny. It's nice. Mistress Mirabel May!"

"I thought maybe my hair was homely, too."

He smiled at her, and shook his head over his painting.

"No! no!" he said. "No! no! You sit still and maybe I'll tell you another story about that. Do you mind the sun on your head?"

"No, oh, no," said Mirabel, in a vague happiness. "I like it."

There were soft flying clouds in the sky. They dappled the grass with shade. The birds were very busy that morning, singing and weaving. The road was quite deserted. Nobody went to market and nobody came to spend the day. More and more it seemed to Mirabel that she and the stranger were in a new place where she had never set foot before and where she liked to be.

At noon he lay down his brush. He knew it was twelve o'clock by his hunger and she knew it by the shadows on the grass.

"Well!" he said, in a tone of satisfaction.

"I'll run in and cook some eggs," said Mirabel. "Do you like milk?"

He did. His smile told her. At the door she paused and looked back at him timidly. "Won't you come in," she asked, "and rest?"

"In a minute," said the stranger, and while she cooked the eggs he walked about and stretched himself, smoking a short black pipe. When the meal was set out, she called him. She had put up her hair, and it crowned her heavily, so that she carried her small head with what looked like pride, to balance it. She had spread her table in the sitting-room, with the best pink luster and the big cut-glass preserve dish Aunt Mag had bought once with money she had taken to town to get shoes. The stranger was very hungry, and he liked everything; but Mirabel only ate a little bread and milk, perhaps because she felt so solemn. After it was over and he had gone out to smoke another pipe, she left her dishes standing, and hastily let down her hair. Like a modest handmaid, she appeared before him in the yard.

"You want me to sit down again?" she asked, in a fervent faithfulness.

He nodded, and they took their places, and that afternoon he worked in silence. When the sun was low, he looked up at her with a different smile, as if they had both been in the picture together, and now they had come out of it.

"There, child," he said, "that'll do. We've done all we can."

"Have you finished it?" asked Mirabel. Her eyes were large and seeking. She was very pale. At last she began to feel how stiff she was.

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"Come and look at it," said the stranger.

She went timidly round to his side and looked. She gazed at it a long time, and then she took up a strand of her hair and studied that.

"You think it's pretty?" she asked him.

He answered gravely.

"It's very pretty, Mirabel. We've done a good day's work."

"You satisfied?" She interrogated him like a child.

He nodded, again gravely.

"Yes, I'm satisfied. Now I must pack up my traps."

While he did it with deft hands, she stood absently watching him. She still looked pale and her eyes were tired. Glancing at her he hesitated. His hand sought his pocket.

"I want—" he began. "I know you'll let me give you a little remembrance to—"

"No! no!" she cried. Her voice was sharp with protest. "No, I couldn't."

"You wouldn't—" he lifted a little charm on his watch chain and looked at it.

"No, no," said Mirabel again. She did not know how to tell him that he had given her already everything he had to give.

"Well." He considered a moment. Then he smiled at her as he had when he told the stories. "I know what I'll do," he said comfortably. "I've got a little picture of the Long Meadows down below here—with the willows by the edge. You'd like that. Yes, I know you would. I'll send it to you to-morrow when I go. And thank you, Mirabel. Thank you." He took off his hat and stretched out his hand. She laid hers in it, and smiled gratefully at him. Then he picked up all his traps, and she walked with him to the gate and stood there watching him as he went away. Once he turned and smiled at her.

"Good-by!" she called. "Good-by!"

When Harrison came home from the river pasture, the supper-table was ready in the sitting-room, and there were ham and eggs. Mirabel, her hair done tidily and her face a little pale but very happy, was ready to pour his tea and listen to his story of the day. It was not until he had finished that he looked about him and realized the festival aspect of the best china and the table spread in the "company room."

"What makes ye eat in here?" he asked, not complainingly, but with an acquiescent interest.

Mirabel did not answer directly. She pushed back her plate and leaned her white arms on the table.

"Harrison," said she, "there was somebody here to-day. He wanted to make a picture of my hair. He said 'twas no worse than sittin' for a photograph."

"Sho!" said Harrison. "Where is it?"

"The picture? He took it away with him."

"Was it that feller that's be'n paintin' down in the medder?"

"Yes."

"How was it? Anything like?"

A blush burned her cheek.

"I don't know," she said, humbly. "I don't know's we can tell how we look ourselves."

Harrison chuckled.

"Some on us can," he rejoined. "There's Lucy Miles. She's peekin' all over herself every minute, jes' like a rooster afore he crows. Jote Freeman spoke on't last town-meetin' day. We passed her when we were drivin' along to the school-house. 'Look there,' says he. 'See her crook her neck and ile her feathers. Now, there's your woman, Harrison,' says he; 'a handsomer woman never stepped, an' she don't know it no more'n the dead.'"

Mirabel was leaning forward over her plate. The red had come into her cheeks and her eyes were shining.

"Who did he mean, Harrison?" she trembled. "Who'd he mean?"

Harrison gazed at her in slow wonder.

"Why, I told ye," he returned.

"Was it me, Harrison?"

"Why, yes. Who'd ye think it was?"

"What did you say to him, Harrison?" she breathed. "You tell me what you said."

"Why, I don't rightly remember what I did say. Come to think of it, yes I

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do, too. 'That's the way with them real high steppers,' says I. 'They don't know there's any odds between them an' anybody else!' Seems queer." He was lighting his pipe, on the way to the kitchen, and he paused to laugh a little.

"What seems queer?" she reminded him, still breathlessly.

"The way things go. When I fust begun to shine up to you, mother she warned me. 'Harrison,' says she, 'she's a handsome creatur'. You dunno how she'll turn out.' 'Yes,' says I, 'she's the handsomest creatur' in this county, but she don't care no more about it'n I do.' She lived to see I was right, too. Where's the strainer pail?"

Mirabel flew out of her chair, and brought it to him. He took it, and she clung to his arm a moment, laughing and crying together.

"Oh, Harrison," she said, "ain't it wonderful?"

He stayed a moment, to stroke her hair with his clumsy hand.

"There," he said, tenderly. "I guess you've done too much. You're all beat out."

Summer Vesper Sermons

IV.—Days of Judgment[1]

By Lyman Abbott

JESUS had challenged the corrupt hierarchy at Jerusalem by his expulsion of the traders. He had challenged popular prejudices in Galilee by his sermon at Nazareth. His ministry of healing had won for him a fame which did not diminish as it traveled. He had come to the shore of the Sea of Galilee. This little lake is now a comparative solitude; then it was the center of a great and busy population—fishermen, farmers, merchants, travelers, and courtiers; for here Herod had his summer court. Curiosity, pride in the metropolitan achievement of their fellow countrymen, wonder at his audacity, interest in his curative power, mingled with higher motives to bring a throng about him wherever he went. It was clear to him that he must have helpers in the work which he had undertaken. Where was he to find them? How select them?

It was early morning. After a night of unsuccessful fishing, the disappointed fishermen had come ashore and were cleaning and repairing their nets. Crowded upon by the people, Jesus asked one of these fishermen to thrust his boat out a little from the land and let him use its prow as a pulpit. Refusal would not have been strange. The fisherman might well have said, We have worked all night, are tired, must go home to rest and breakfast; pray get your pulpit somewhere else. Not so. Simon stopped his work, pushed the boat off from the shore and held it there, while Jesus continued his talk to the people. The sermon ended, the preacher turned to the fisherman with a word of counsel: "Launch out into the deep and let down your net for a draft." Again declination would not have been strange. What more natural than for the fisherman to reply, to himself: What does this Rabbi know about fishing? Why does he come here to instruct us old hands in our own art? And to Jesus: It is useless; the nets are cleaned; our work is done; we are weary; we cannot begin all over again. But something in this Rabbi impressed these rough fishermen, and Simon, who was apparently the foreman of the group, replied with a protest and an assent: "Master, we have toiled all the night and taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." The wisdom of Jesus's counsel was immediately verified; the net was so filled that Simon and his brother had to summon their partners James and John to help them haul it in; it broke, and the boats were so full that they began to take in water over the gunwale. Then came the Master's last word: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Again a declination would not have been strange,

[1] Matthew iv. 18-22; Luke v. 1-11.

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or at least a plea for delay. Such a catch as this is a fortune to fishermen. What more natural than to say Yes! tomorrow. But first we must market our fish.

But if these fishermen had declined to give their boat for a pulpit and wait there until Jesus was done; or if they had declined to try again for the fish after a night's labor and no return; or if they had declined to leave their catch for others to market, while they followed Jesus to a new career the nature and issue of which they could not guess, the world would never have heard of Peter and James and John; they would have remained peasant fishermen for the rest of their lives, and Jesus would have found his apostles elsewhere. He had applied to them a threefold test, and they had met it. Their first assent indicated a real interest in Jesus's mission; their second, readiness to obey even what might seem unreasonable directions; the third, capacity for prompt decision. And these three qualities—spiritual enthusiasm, loyal obedience, and prompt, unquestioning action—were precisely the three qualities Jesus needed in his apostolate.

The story carries its own moral. Any day may be a day of judgment. We are always on trial. And we can never know when the trial is coming; we cannot even know when it has come. Did Washington guess in the wilds of Virginia under Braddock that he was being examined as to his fitness for commander-in-chief of the armies of the colonies? Did Grant guess at Fort Donelson that he was being tried for commander-in-chief of the Union armies? We never know when we are on trial. If we did, it would be no fair trial. I meet men continually who grumble because they have had no opportunity. We all have more opportunity than we know how to take advantage of. A hundred men pass the closed door and think it locked; then one turns the handle and goes in, and all his predecessors wonder at his "luck." From southern Kansas a few years ago the disappointed farmers turned away discouraged. The soil was rich, but there was no water. Now, more intelligent or more enterprising men have pierced the soil and found beneath the surface a saturated sponge, probably fed by hidden streams from the distant Rockies. And land which day before yesterday could hardly be given away can now not easily be purchased. Watch! for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh. Keep your ears open to any call to service; be always ready; for you never know when the Master is testing you to see what manner of man you are.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they shall both be alike good."

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Butterflies and Bees. The Insect Folk. Vol. II. By Margaret Warner Morley. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 267 pages. 70c.

Christus Liberator: An Outline Study of Africa. By Ellen C. Parsons. Introduction by Sir Harry H. Johnston, K.C.B. The Macmillan Co., New York. 25c.

This is the fifth volume in the admirable series of United Study of Missions, three preceding volumes having treated India, China, and Japan, and a fourth served as a general introduction. These volumes are in the nature of compends, and yet they are more. This treats, of course briefly, of the geography, history, and races of Africa, as well as the missionary operations in that "dark continent." The reading of such a book as this would, perhaps, prevent such an absurd statement as the New York "Sun" prints from an opponent of Christian missions: "In that portion of South Africa lying between Cape Town and the Zambezi River and Portuguese East Africa and Walfish Bay, there are thousands upon thousands of mission stations." With all that the Christian Church has done, it has lighted but a few torches. "Thousands upon thousands of mission stations" would be an extreme if not

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an exaggerated statement for the whole pagan world. Such a reading also would make it clear that commerce is carrying the vices, and in some cases the cruelties, of civilization; and if Christian missions were abandoned, Christendom would be importing into paganism nothing but her vices and her cruelties. We recommend these volumes as especially valuable for the members of Christian Endeavor Societies, and for pastoral use by ministers endeavoring to awaken in their churches an intelligent interest in Christian missions.

Danish Fairy Legends and Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated from the Danish by Caroline Peachey and Dr. H. W. Dulcken. (Pocket Series of English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 452 pages. 25c.

Eyrie (The) and Other Southern Stories. By Nettie Freshwater Pool. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 108 pages.

Five Years in a Persian Town. By Napier Malcolm. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 271 pages. $3, net.

Glenanaar: A Story of Irish Life. By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 321 pages.

Hilda Lane's Adoptions. By Alice McAlilly. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. 5×8 in. 372 pages. $1.50.

History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland (The). By John Knox. (A Twentieth Century Edition Revised and Edited by Cuthbert Lennox.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 432 pages. $2, net.

We have already reviewed this work in an English edition. We are glad to see it put forth by an American firm.

Husband, Wife, and Home. By Charles Frederick Goss. The Vir Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7¼ in. 276 pages. $1, net.

This is a right good book. There are nearly fifty short chapters. It boxes the compass of its subject, skipping no point. Wide experience and keen observation of real life yield material which is treated with plain common sense, good wit, and no lack of humor. Thus it hits the need of the average man and woman, and of others that reckon themselves above the average. Such titles as "True Wife or Married Mistress," "Curing Your Partner's Faults," "Observing Conventionalities," "A Good Word for the 'Bad' Boy," "Ability of Parents to See a Joke," "Humanizing the Beast," "Nerve Strain," indicate the extent of the field, and it is well dotted with pithy anecdotes and amusing stories. The whole is pervaded by strong and pure moral feeling. A beautiful stanza translated from the Arabic by Sir William Jones is badly mangled in the quotation given on page 259. It may be found in correct form on page 239 of Whately's "Rhetoric," Harper's small edition.

Impressions of Ukiyo-Ye. By Dora Amsden. Illustrated. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 6×7½ in. 76 pages. $1.50, net.

Jimmy Brown Trying to Find Europe. Written by Himself and Edited by W. L. Alden. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. 164 pages. 60c.

Last Message of Jesus Christ. By Rev. John Hamilton Timbrell. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×8 in. 456 pages. $1.75, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Little Visits with Great Americans. Edited by Orison Swett Marden. In 2 vols. The Success Co., New York. 5¼×8 in.

Messianic Hope in the New Testament (The). By Shailer Mathews. (The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago. Second Series. Vol. XII.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5¾×9 in. 338 pages. $2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Parisians Out of Doors. By F. Berkeley Smith. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 280 pages. $1.50, net.

Sprightly, not always very dignified, cheerfully observant of the gay and the picturesque, this book is of the same type as two very popular and lively books by the same author. It takes one over highways and byways with Parisians in search of amusement at Trouville, at Fontainebleau, at Monte Carlo, in Paris suburbs and parks. There are many pictures by the author and others, and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith (the author's father) furnishes a charming colored frontispiece.

Pictures in Umbria. By Katharine S. Macquoid. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 319 pages. $1.50, net.

Principles and Methods of Industrial Peace. By A. C. Pigou, M.A., F.S.S. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 240 pages $1.10.

Reserved for later notice.

Proceedings of the American Forest Congress: Held at Washington, D.C., January 2 to 6, 1905, Under the Auspices of the American Forestry Association. H. M. Suter Publishing Co., Washington, D.C. 5×7¾ in. 474 pages.

Ready Money. By George H. Knox. (Personal Help Library.) Personal Help Publishing Co., Des Moines, Iowa. 5½×8 in. 317 pages.

Song of Hiawatha (The). Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Edited by Elizabeth J. Fleming. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 252 pages. 25c.

Special Method in Arithmetic. By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 225 pages. 70c.

Young Men Who Overcame. By Robert E. Speer. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 229 pages. $1, net.

These fifteen condensed biographies exhibit the power and beauty of Christian principle in strong and active natures, who made their mark in whatever they undertook—athletics, scholarship, business, Christian missions. Three of them were Britons, one a Persian, the rest our countrymen. Casualty or sickness cut short their days; two fell in battle, two or three as martyrs in non-Christian lands. But their record is full of inspiration to overcome as they overcame the hindrances to a pure and unselfish life. Mr. Speer has done well to present such a lesson in a volume intrinsically attractive to young men. He should not allow it to be permanently blemished by the fallacious syllogism advanced in a moral question on page 64.

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